SPIDER-MAN/
DEADPOOL

KELLY
McGUINNESS

*"Trust me:
It'll have you
hook, line
and sinker."*
– BigComicPage.com

ISN'T IT BROMANTIC

MARVEL

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MARVEL COMICS
BEGRUDGINGLY PRESENTS...

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DEADPOOL

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SPIDER-MAN®/ DEADPOOL®

JOE KELLY
ED McGUINNESS
MARK MORALES
JASON KEITH

#1

MARVEL

PLUS A SPECIAL BONUS BOOK: THE VISION #1 INCLUDED!

--I'M JUST SAYING, IT WAS A REALLY CONVINCING LEVITATING KITTEN. IF YOU SAW IT, YOU WOULD HAVE BEEN LIKE, *"DAMN. THAT'S THE MOST SINCERE AND LOVABLE FLOATING CAT HEAD I'VE EVER HAD A CHAT WITH."*

AND MOST IMPORTANTLY I WAS, LIKE, 85% SOBER--

DEADPOOL.

YES, SPIDER-MAN?

TAKE ALL OF THOSE..."*WORDS*" SWIRLING INSIDE THE TOXIC WASTE VAT YOU CALL YOUR BRAIN AND SUFFOCATE THEM. EVERY LAST SYLLABLE.

KILL YOUR WORDS AND ***JUST. SHUT. UP!***

BUT--

SHUTUP SHUTUPSHUTUP SHUTUP!

I GET IT. YOU NEED A LITTLE SPIDEY TIME. S'COOL...

...BUT I HAVE TO TELL YOU ***ONE LAST THING*** THAT IS, IN MY HUMBLE OPINION, ***THE SINGLE MOST IMPORTANT THING YOU NEED TO KNOW IN THE WHOLE UNIVERSE RIGHT AT THIS SECOND...***

IF YOU DON'T STOP SQUIRMING, I AM TOTALLY GOING TO "*UNSHEATHE MY KATANA*" ALL UP AGAINST YOUR "*SPIDER EGGS.*"

AND BY "*KATANA*" I MEAN--

WHAT IS WRONG WITH YOU?!

WHAT?! I'M A RED-BLOODED CANADIAN MALE! IT'S FRICTION AND JUNK-BIOLOGY AND SPANDEX GRINDING ON LEATHER AND JUST *PLEASE* STOP WIGGLING YOUR WEBBING--

WOULD YOU JUST *SHUT UP SO I CAN THINK!*

DON'T YELL AT ME... THAT'S TOTALLY ONE OF MY TURN-ONS.

10

12

18

HUMAN INSECTS... THE AUDACITY. THAT YOU WOULD COME TO THE BURNING PLANES OF DORMAMMU ON THE EVE OF MY ASCENSION...

WHAT DID YOU HOPE TO ACCOMPLISH? WHEN THE BLOOD MOON RISES, I SHALL--

OOH! VILLAIN MONOLOGUING. EXCELLENT STOPPING POWER. BETTER THAN REMEMBERING WHAT IT'S LIKE TO SPONGE-BATHE M.O.D.O.K.--

PLEASE SPILL EVERYTHING ABOUT YOUR PLANS FOR INTER-DIMENSIONAL DOMINATION RIGHT NOW--!

WHEN THE MERC BIZ IS SLOW, YOU-- DON'T JUDGE ME!

WAIT--WHEN DID YOU GIVE M.O.D.O.K. A SPONGE BATH?

KNOW THAT YOUR DEATHS SHALL NOT BE IN VAIN...FOR I SHALL NOT ALLOW YOU TO DIE. YOU SHALL BE THE PLAYTHINGS OF THE *MINDLESS ONES* FOR EONS--

WE JUST NEED LEVERAGE--

OH, THERE'S GONNA BE A LEVER--

THIS IS SO WRONG. I ALWAYS IMAGINED THAT WHEN I FINALLY CHEATED ON MY WIFE IT WOULD *MEAN* SOMETHING...

I HOPE THAT WHEN YOU REFLECT ON THIS MOMENT FOR ALL ETERNITY, IT ANSWERS THE QUESTION OF WHY I DON'T LIKE YOU--

HOLD THAT INSULT...I THINK...

DORMAMMU, WHEN YOU TORTURE US FOR A MILLION YEARS, WILL THAT BE STUCK TOGETHER OR SEPARATELY? JUST WONDERING.

WADE--

I'M GONNA--

HOLD IT UNTIL THEY DEVOUR OUR SOULS, MAN!

UH-OH--

SWEET MOTHER OF LEVERAGE, THAT IS THE MOST PAINFUL THING!!!

POP

GOOD GOD...WAS THAT YOUR HIP?

HOW DID YOU DO THAT?

S'EASY...ONCE YOU GET OVER THE FEAR...AND THE TENDONS AN' MUSCLES...AND PHYSICS...

DO ME A FAVE? CUT US FREE BEFORE I PASS OUT...'CAUSE THEN I REALLY WILL WET MYSELF. WITH PEE.

'A' FOR EFFORT, BUT NEITHER OF US IS GETTING A HAPPY ENDING FROM THIS PLAN. A SWORD CAN'T CUT THROUGH MY--

GET OUT!

YOU HAVE ACCESS TO NANO-CERAMIC FIBER COMPOSITE MATERIALS?!?

I JUST DISTRACTED A DEMON-KING BY FAKING AN ERECTION SO I COULD DISLOCATE MY OWN HIP...

BUT COOL, I BOUGHT A SHARP SCIENCE THING.

YOU GO WITH YOUR PEOPLE SKILLS, NERD.

DON'T START WITH ME ABOUT PEOPLE SKILLS, KIDNAPPY-MCGRABBY HANDS!

YOU BROUGHT ME TO *HELL!* LITERALLY AND FIGURATIVELY!

MOE

LARRY

YOU SPEND A LOT OF TIME LIVING IN THE PAST...

BUT GOOD JOB ON CORRECTLY USING *"LITERALLY,"* UNLIKE MOST PEOPLE...

I'M GONNA TAKE A LITTLE PAIN-NAPPY NOW.

POP

AAAAAGH!

BY ODIN'S MERKIN!

OH, NO! YOU DON'T GET TO PASS OUT WHILE I SPEND MY LAST SECONDS ALIVE IN MORTAL TERROR--!

YOU INFINITESIMAL SPECKS TRULY HAVE ME CONFOUNDED... ESPECIALLY THE SPIDER.

THERE WAS A TIME WHEN BEING *"SPIDER-MAN"* MEANT SOMETHING. QUITE FRANKLY, I DON'T UNDERSTAND WHY YOU'RE SLUMMING WITH...THAT.

DO YOU WANT TO DO THE FLASHBACK OR SHOULD I?

HEY, MY HIP'S BACK IN. NICE MOVE, SPIRO-PRACTOR.

YOUR PAIN IS OUR GAIN.

NORTH RIVER WASTEWATER TREATMENT PLANT

FAR BE IT FROM ME TO CRITICIZE, HYDRO-MAN, BUT FROM LOCATION TO EXECUTION, EVERYTHING ABOUT YOUR PLAN *STINKS.*

SORRY, I KNOW IT'S LOW-HANGING FRUIT, BUT WHY TRY WHEN YOU'RE NOT EVEN LISTENING?

WEB-SHOOTERS, CARTRIDGE FOUR.

FWIP

ANY THOUGHTS YOU'RE HAVING WHILE VIBRATING AT A GAJILLION MEGAHERTZ WILL NOT INCLUDE *"SPIDEY CRAPPED OUT THAT LAST PUN."*

AND AGAIN, SORRY, BATHROOM HUMOR IS HARD TO RESIST--

MY DIRTY THOUGHTS EXACTLY!

SPLASH

NO.

JUST... NO.

IS THAT ANY WAY TO GREET A FELLOW AVENGER--? *OOOH, SORRY. COMPLETELY FORGOT YOU QUIT THE GREATEST TEAM OF BADASSES OF ALL TIME.*

GLAD TO SEE YOU'RE KEEPING BUSY PLAYING HERO.

YOU WON'T UNDERSTAND THIS, BUT I'M IN THE MIDDLE OF HELPING SOMEONE *OTHER THAN MYSELF.* SO IF YOU DON'T MIND--

YEAH. HYDRO-MAN. WOW.

IT'S LIKE YOU CURED CANCER OR GOT KANYE TO STOP SINGING. TOTES AMAY-MAY.

LET ME SHOW YOU SOMETHING THAT'S VERIFIED COOL...

MY THERAPIST AND PEOPLE I'VE PUT IN THE HOSPITAL HAVE BEEN TELLING ME THAT I DON'T UNDERSTAND THE *"MORAL CONTRACT"* THAT SOCIETY IS BUILT ON OR WHATEVER--

IT'S LIKE THAT FACE CHART THEY GIVE AUTISTIC KIDS, BUT THE OPPOSITE. SO, LIKE, RIGHT NOW...SHOULD I HELP YOU WITH YOUR LITTLE SITUATION?

IN

I SWEAR, IF ONE DROP OF THIS IDIOT GETS AWAY BEFORE S.H.I.E.L.D. ARRIVES--

THERE IS *NO* SITUATION. SO WHATEVER YOU'RE DOING, JUST DON'T FOR, LIKE, THREE MINUTES-- *PLEASE!*

GIVE THE MORAL COMPASS A LI'L SPIN--

CANCEL! CANCEL!

CHAOTIC NEUTRAL! MY FAVORITE! I GET TO DO WHATEVER I THINK IS BEST.

CHAOTIC N

HUGS MAKE EVERYTHING BETTER! UNLESS YOU HAVE GLASS BONE DISEASE.

YOU'RE SERIOUSLY MESSING WITH ME FOR A HUG?

AND A *BAMF.*

A WHA--?

UH...

OKAY. SO...MOVING ON...

HGGGH BRRRBLE HFFF I EVER GET MY HANDS ON--

BAMF

YOU WERE JERKING AROUND WITH HYDRO-MAN AND I SWOOP IN LIKE AN ETHNICALLY DIVERSE KNIGHT AND PLOP YOU RIGHT IN THE MIDDLE OF AN AVENGERS-LEVEL BATTLE FOR THE FATE OF THE WORLD!

IF IT WAS "AVENGERS LEVEL" THERE WOULD BE AVENGERS HERE! NOT *YOU!*

DID YOU EVEN CALL DOCTOR STRANGE? IS THERE A PLAN?

YOU THINK TOO MUCH!

IT'S MAKING MY BRAINS HURT!

WHY ARE THOSE IN YOUR POCKETS?

THIS IS MY PLAN. AND I WAS AT THE MORGUE ANYWAY.

BEHOLD! I GIVE YOU--

THE MINDFUL ONES!!!

!

UM...SO...WE WERE...FIGHTING, I GUESS? FOR SOME REASON? BECAUSE--?

NO. IT DOES NOT WORK LIKE THAT.

I KNOW, RIGHT? ARE WE EVEN GETTING PAID FOR THIS SOUL CRUSHING?

NO. NO. NO.

EVERYTHING IS SO WRONG WITH THIS.

COVER ME, SPIDE-KICK!

YOU GET A BRAIN! YOU GET A BRAIN! YOU GET A--WAIT. THAT'S A GRENADE, SORRY--

YOU GET TWO BRAINS!

MINDLESS ONES! I COMMAND YOU TO FLAY THE SKIN FROM--

WHERE WAS "FLAYING" IN MY JOB DESCRIPTION?

HOW DO YOU EXPECT ME TO PERFORM AT MY FULL POTENTIAL WITHOUT SOME ENCOURAGEMENT? A SIMPLE THANK YOU WOULD SUFFICE... OR A *RAISE.*

THAT GUY'S HEAD JUST EXPLODED AND I BET YOU DON'T EVEN KNOW HIS NAME.

IT WAS CARL. *CARL!*

BOOM! WE OVERTHREW HELL WITH THE DISCARDED BRAINS OF ENTITLED MILLENNIALS!

CONGRATULATIONS, YOU GOT THE JOB!

THIS IS NOT HOW ANY OF THIS WORKS. SERIOUSLY. THIS IS NONSENSE.

I DROWNED. THAT'S IT. I DROWNED IN HYDRO-MAN AND THIS IS ALL IN MY--

JOB. INTERVIEW?

YOU DON'T EXPECT ME TO HIRE EVERY MOOK IN A PAIR OF TIGHTS WHO NEEDS A GIG, DO YOU?

EVERY SHOW ON BROADWAY WOULD CLOSE--

BAMF US OUT OF HERE. *NOW.*

YOU DID A GOOD THING! EVERY TIME DORMAMMU WINS, A NEW YORK REAL ESTATE MAGNATE GETS ITS WINGS--

WADE!

NEVER! NOT IN ANY REALITY! NOT IN ANY UNIVERSE WOULD I WORK FOR YOU!

WE HAVE GREAT DENTAL--

YOU'RE INSANE! YOU'RE A TOTAL DIRTBAG! I QUIT THE AVENGERS *BECAUSE* OF YOU!

I NEVER PEGGED YOU FOR JEALOUS. I HAVE A GREAT SELF-HELP BOOK THAT'LL UNBLOCK YOUR SELF-HATING EGO--

SHOVE IT UP YOUR--

ASPHALT

I SUGGEST STARTING WITH THE ANGER CHAPTER.

WEBS...I KNOW YOU'RE ALL TWISTED ABOUT THE AVENGERS THING, SO I'M TRYING TO MAKE GOOD.

I'VE FRANCHISED MYSELF OUT. LIKE McMERCENARY. DEAD KING. I MAKE SERIOUSLY MAD BANK.

SO SINCE IT PROBABLY SUCKS WORKING FOR THAT TOOL *PETER PARKER* AND YOU ALREADY TOTALLY STOLE MY COSTUME DESIGN ANYWAY, MAYBE WE COULD TALK BUSINESS--

I HAD THIS COSTUME *WAY* BEFORE--

WHAT DO YOU MEAN, PETER PARKER IS A TOOL?

YOU DON'T GET TO BE THE 1% WITHOUT STEPPING ON 99% OF THE OTHER NECKS IN THE WORLD.

I'M NOT JUDGING *YOU.* WE'VE ALL DONE THINGS WE'RE ASHAMED OF FOR A BUCK. THIS ONE TIME, MOJO HAD *BACKNE--*

FIRST OF ALL, PETER PARKER IS--IF I MAY BE SO BOLD--USING HIS *GENIUS* TO MAKE THE WORLD A BETTER PLACE!

SECOND HE--*OH GOD I AM MISSING A MEETING!*

AT DEADPOOL IS THE GREATEST INCORPORATED, NO MEETINGS! YOU SET THE HOURS! YOU TAKE THE JOBS YOU WANT!

IT'S TOTALLY LIKE UBER WITH SUPER-POWERS, AND P.S. WE DON'T RUN BACKGROUND CHECKS EITHER--

WHEN YOU PUT IT LIKE THAT... WOULD I GET A COOL TELEPORTER BELT, TOO?

TELEPORTER *BELT?* DUDE, CHECK IT. A PRESENT FROM THE WIFE.

ENCHANTED COLLAR KEEPS THE *BAMF* IN CHECK. I JUST THINK WHERE I WANT TO GO, GIVE HIM A GOOD *SQUEEZE* AND *POOF!*

ONLY WORKS FOR ME, THOUGH, SO YOU'LL HAVE TO WEB-IT--

GO BAMF YOURSELF.

SQUEE!

...

YOU'RE A BAD MAN.

GRRR!

SNAP

ANNA MARIA--

ARE THEY--

YOU FORGOT THE [redacted] MEETING.

PEEVED. BUT YES, I COVERED...

I'M SORRY! THE QUEEN OF THE DAMNED GIVES YOU A PRESENT YOU DON'T SAY NO--

DON'T DO IT, YOU LITTLE BLUE--

BAMF

SAID YOU WERE BUSY EXTRACTING EBOLA PATIENTS FROM SIERRA LEONE.

REALLY? THAT'S SORT OF A STRETCH--

REALLY, BECAUSE PARKER INDUSTRIES *IS* EXTRACTING PATIENTS FOR TREATMENT IN A CONTAINED FACILITY.

WHICH YOU WOULD KNOW, IF YOU READ ANY MEMO EVER. WHO WAS IT THIS TIME?

HYDRO-MAN-- THE *SONIC DISRUPTORS* WORK, BY THE WAY--BUT THEN DEADPOOL SHOWED UP AND TELEPORTED ME TO HELL. ONE OF MY WEB-SHOOTERS EXPLODED IN THE *BAMF* AND GOT OUR PELVISES STUCK TOGETHER--

FIRST, NEVER SAY *"PELVISES"* AGAIN. SECOND, I DON'T CARE, BECAUSE, AS YOUR PARTNER, I HAVE TO TELL YOU--

--YOU ARE ROYALLY SCREWING THIS UP.

YOU PROMISED ME THAT YOU WERE DEDICATED TO BUILDING PARKER INDUSTRIES INTO A TRUE FORCE FOR GOOD. *INDUSTRIES.*

FIGHTING BAD GUYS IN HELL IS NOT WHAT A CEO DOES. YOU'RE GOING TO HAVE TO CHOOSE, PETER...AND SOON.

I KNOW, BUT...I CAN'T JUST STOP BEING SPIDER-MAN...

CAN I--

OKAY, BYE-BYE, MISTER COMMANDANT PARKER, SIR! SPIDEY HAS TO GO--

COME ON, WADE. I SAID *NO* AND I'M SERIOUSLY NOT IN THE MOOD--

YOUR HAND. DID I DO THAT?

I REGRET NOTHING.

PLEASE! I'VE DONE WORSE TO MYSELF WHEN SKINEMAX IS ON! I JUST WANTED TO LET YOU KNOW SOMETHING...

IT'S PROBABLY NOT AS IMPORTANT AS FETCHING COFFEE FOR PARKER, BUT...

...THAT WATER-DORK YOU LET ESCAPE KINDA LEVELED UP.

OH, NO.

WHATEVER YOUR PLAN WAS WITH THIS GUY, IT REALLY *STINKS*--

I ALREADY RAN THAT JOKE!

A HUNDRED-FOOT-TALL MANIAC MADE OF SEWAGE IS NO JOKE, WEBS...

HILARIOUS, BECAUSE YOU CAN ACTUALLY SEE THE CORN SWIRLING AROUND HIS INNARDS...BUT NO JOKE.

A HUNDRED MILLION DOLLARS. TODAY. OR I DROWN THIS CITY IN ITS OWN FILTH!

S'FUNNY... WE WERE JUST TALKING ABOUT DISGUSTING THINGS PEOPLE WILL DO TO MAKE A BUCK.

YOU WIN.

TWO HUNDRED MILLION DOLLARS!

I DON'T KNOW... THERE WAS THIS TIME EGO THE LIVING PLANET HAD 'ROIDS THE SIZE OF AUSTRALIA JUST DANGLING--

THERE ARE THINGS...UP MY NOSTRILS...AND IN MY MOUTH...

...THAT WILL GIVE ME NIGHTMARES FOR THE REST OF MY LIFE.

SORRY TO BE *THAT GUY*, BUT... YOU HALF-ASSED THE JOB AND UNLEASHED A WALKING TOILET ON NEW YORK CITY. OWN IT. MOVE ON.

ON THE BRIGHT SIDE, YOU CAN PEE OR EVEN POO YOURSELF AND NO ONE WOULD NOTICE. OWN THAT, TOO.

DO YOU HAVE INCENDIARY GRENADES?

BUT OF COURSE. DO YOU HAPPEN TO HAVE ANY GREY POUPON?

INDUBITABLY.

BUT YOU MISSED A POOP JOKE WITH THE GREY POUPON.

OFF THE SUBJECT, HOW GOOD IS YOUR HEALING FACTOR ANYWAY?

IT'S AWESOME! MAKES WOLVERINE LOOK LIKE A HEMOPHILIAC.

I MEAN, THIS ARM IS ALMOST GROWN BACK AND IT WAS *BAMFED* LIKE--

WAIT. WHY DO YOU SUDDENLY CARE?

!

THWIPP

BECAUSE UNLIKE YOU, I'M NOT A KILLER, *"AVENGER."*

I WANT TO KEEP IT THAT WAY!

THIS IS *NOT A GOOD WAY TO START A BUSINESS RELATIONSHIP!*

I'M GONNA GET YOU THAT MORALITY APP, YOU WEBBED SON OF A--

SCATTERED

SO, TO BE CLEAR, IF YOU *EVER* SO MUCH AS *THINK* ABOUT MESSING WITH ME AGAIN...

...IF YOU LOOK IN MY GENERAL DIRECTION...

...IF YOU SO MUCH AS WALK THROUGH A *SPIDER WEB ANYWHERE IN THE CONTINENTAL UNITED STATES...*

...I WILL WEB YOUR HEAD TO YOUR BOXER SHORTS. *PERMANENTLY.*

...

WHICH SIDE?

YOU UTTERLY AND COMPLETELY DISGUST ME.

SO WEIRD... THAT'S WHAT THE GUY IN THE MIRROR SAYS TO ME EVERY MORNING.

HEY, I'M HOURS AWAY FROM GROWIN' MY GAMS BACK--CAN YOU AT LEAST LET ME BORROW YOUR CELL?

D.P. PHONE HOMMMMME.

GOOD LUCK WITH YOUR *"BUSINESS VENTURE."*

NOTHING? COME ON, I GOT MY PEANUT M&MS BLOWN OFF FOR THAT JOKE!

THEY'LL GROW BACK--

WOULD YOU JUST WAIT?! FOR ONE SECOND? PLEASE...

WHAT?

IT'S REALLY #&$%^ HARD.

I KNOW...YOU THINK I'M DIRT. DIRT WITH A KEY TO AVENGERS TOWER, BUT STILL...

I'M TRYING TO CHANGE. AND YOU KNOW WHAT?

IT'S HARD TRYING TO BE MORE LIKE YOU. SO I THOUGHT, MAYBE... IF WE PALLED AROUND A BIT--

THAT I COULD TEACH YOU TO WHAT...? TO BE...GOOD? A "HERO"?

NO. SOMETHING LIKE THAT ISN'T TAUGHT. IT'S EARNED.

I THOUGHT IF I HUNG WITH YOU, DOING THE NEXT RIGHT THING, I COULD *EARN* IT...

...AND MAYBE YOUR RESPECT, TOO.

OKAY, WELL, I'LL GO NOW. GO KICK SOME KITTENS OR WHATEVER.

YOU EVER NEED BACKUP OR WANNA BINGE-WATCH *FACES OF DEATH* OR *GREY'S ANATOMY* OR WHATEVER, CALL ME.

WHAAAM

THIS DUMPSTER WAS EMPTY.

OOOOOUCH... ELLLIOT.

JUST HATE HIM...

HATE HIM. IT'S EASY. YOU'VE BEEN DOING IT FOR YEARS. JUST...

...

I NEED SO MUCH THERAPY.

WE AGREED IT WOULD BE A HUNDRED.

YEAH, WELL, IT DIDN'T WORK SO YOU SUCK AND I'M GIVING YOU HALF.

"I SUCK"?! SIR, I WILL HAVE YOU KNOW THAT I TRAINED AT *THEBES!*

I WORKED WITH THE TRUE *GIANTS OF THE DRAMATIS PERSONAE! ARISTOPHANES! EUMENIDES! PLATO!*

HEH. YEAH. HE STARRED IN "MY CUP RUNNETH OVER," NETFLIX HIM.

SEVENTY-FIVE SOULS. SPEND IT ON ACTING LESSONS--

RASSUM FRASSUM PHILISTINE.

I CAN'T WAIT TO GET OUT OF THIS THING. TOTALLY RIDES UP.

YEAH, WHATEVER... I HAVE REAL BUSINESS TO ATTEND TO.

NO MORE PLAY-ACTING...

SO...AM I GONNA *"EARN IT"?* OR *BURN IT?*

DID YOU HANG WITH *TEST-A-CLEES?* HE WAS A REAL SWINGER.

I DO NOT KNOW THIS... TEST-A-CLEES? METHOD ACTOR?

SWIPE

AND, THE UNIVERSE HAS SPOKEN.

SIGH

WALKING THE HIGH PATH IS REALLY *$#%& COMPLICATED.

HEROIC GOOD

TARGET: PETER PARKER, CEO PARKER INDUSTRIES. FEE: 100M.

I GOTTA KILL THE LIVING CRAP OUT OF PETER PARKER.

IT'S THE HEROIC THING TO DO.

I REALLY HOPE THAT SPIDER-MAN AND I CAN STILL BE BUDS AFTER I GAKK HIS BOSS.

BOOM.

END OF ISSUE #1

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DEADPOOL

ISN'T IT BROMANTIC?

PART one

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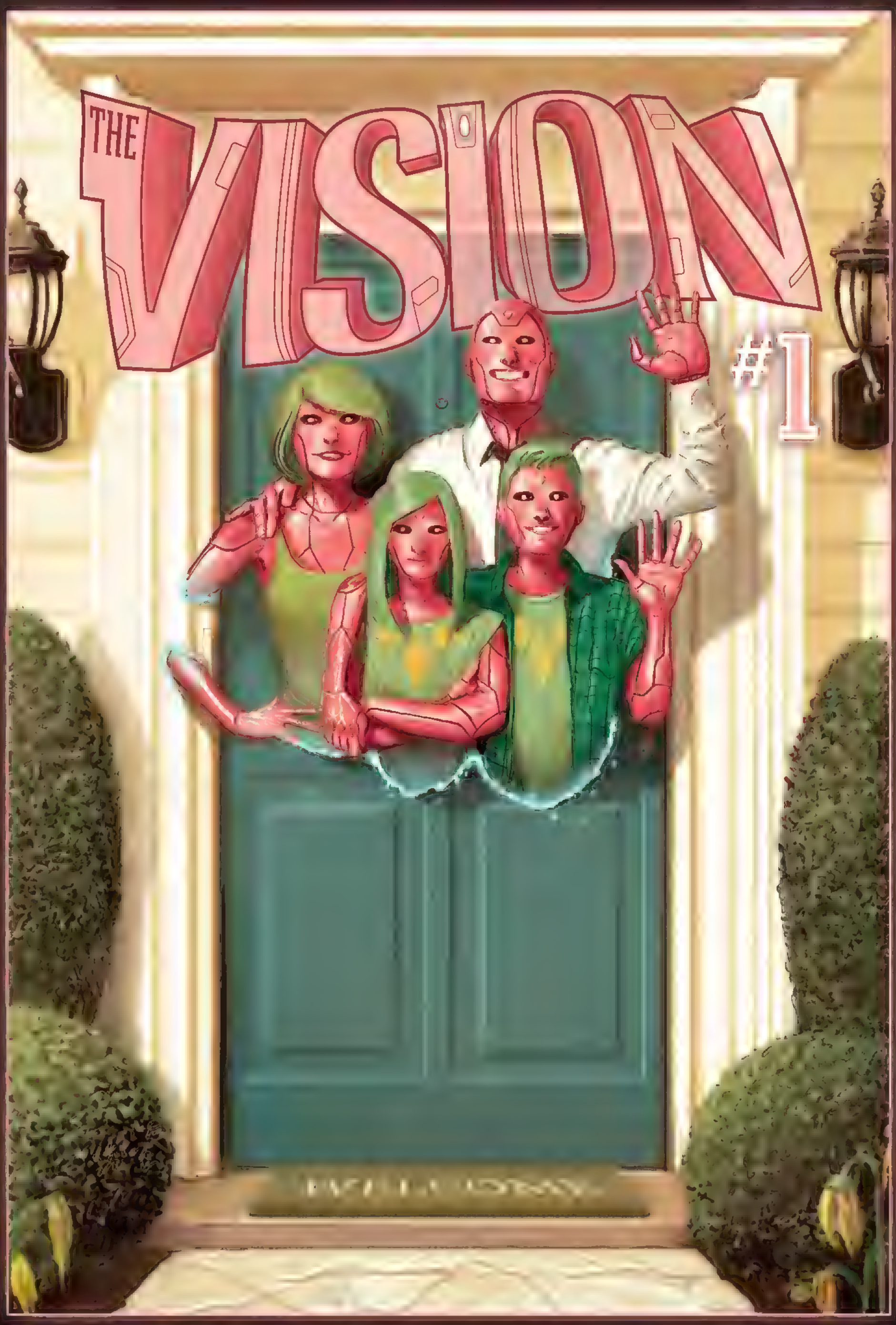
YOU WANT TO KNOW WHAT HAPPENS *NEXT?*

#2

SPECIAL BONUS BOOK

"RIVETING. UNLIKE ANY SUPERHERO COMIC I HAVE EVER READ."
— BRETT WHITE, *COMIC BOOK RESOURCES*



TOM KING | GABRIEL HERNANDEZ WALTA | JORDIE BELLAIRE

MARVEL

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IN LATE SEPTEMBER, WITH THE LEAVES JUST BEGINNING TO HINT AT THE FALL TO COME, THE VISIONS OF VIRGINIA MOVED INTO THEIR HOUSE AT 616 HICKORY BRANCH LANE, ARLINGTON, VA, 21301.

THE VISIONS' HOUSE WAS LOCATED IN CHERRYDALE, A PLEASANT NEIGHBORHOOD ABOUT 15 MILES WEST OF WASHINGTON, D.C.

MOST OF THE VISIONS' NEIGHBORS WORKED DOWNTOWN, AND THEY TALKED OFTEN ABOUT THE TRAFFIC ON *66* OR LEE HIGHWAY

ON THE WEEKENDS THEY TENDED TO STAY IN VIRGINIA, THOUGH THEY OFTEN LAMENTED THAT THEY SHOULD GO INTO THE CITY.

THE MUSEUMS ARE SO NICE, AND THE KIDS WOULD HAVE A GREAT TIME

VERY FEW OF THEM WERE FROM THE AREA ORIGINALLY.

MOST HAD MOVED TO D.C. AFTER COLLEGE AND WORKED FOR CONGRESS OR THE PRESIDENT. THEY MADE NOTHING, AND THEY LIVED OFF OF NOTHING.

BUT THAT WAS UNIMPORTANT. THEY WERE YOUNG, AND THEY WANTED TO SAVE THE WORLD.

EVENTUALLY, THEY MET SOMEONE AND FELL IN LOVE AND HAD CHILDREN.

WITH BILLS TO PAY, THEY LEFT THEIR SMALL GOVERNMENT JOBS. THEY BECAME LOBBYISTS AND LAWYERS AND MANAGERS.

THEY MOVED OUT TO THE SUBURBS FOR THE SCHOOLS.

THEY MADE THE COMPROMISES THAT ARE NECESSARY TO RAISE A FAMILY.

CAN'T BELIEVE I'M DOING THIS. CAN'T BELIEVE YOU'RE *MAKING* ME DO THIS.

THEY'RE ROBOTS, NORA. THEY DON'T WANT COOKIES.

BEHOLD GEORGE AND NORA

THEY'RE NOT ROBOTS. I WENT ONLINE.

THEY'RE SOMETHING ELSE. LIKE A SYNTHE-SOMETHING.

DING DONG

AT THAT TIME, GEORGE WORKED AS A MORTGAGE BROKER. HE ENJOYED HOT WINGS, BUT HE ALWAYS ORDERED THEM TOO SPICY FOR HIS OWN TASTE.

"SYNTHE-SOMETHING"? GREAT. PROBLEM SOLVED.

IT SAID THEY MOVED HERE BECAUSE THE VISION IS THE AVENGERS' MAN IN THE WHITE HOUSE NOW.

AND ALSO, RUMOR IS MAYBE HIS SUPER FRIENDS DIDN'T FULLY APPROVE OF THE WHOLE *NEW-FAMILY* THING HE MADE.

NORA WORKED IN H.R. AT A K-STREET LAW FIRM. SHE READ MORE THAN ANYONE SHE KNEW, BUT SHE ONLY READ DIGITALLY.

OF COURSE THEY DIDN'T APPROVE. ROBOTS MAKING ROBOTS. TRYING TO BE ALL, I DON'T KNOW, TRYING *NOT* TO BE ROBOTS.

616

IT'S JUST UNNATURAL.

YOU DON'T LISTEN! THEY'RE NOT ROBOTS! THEY'RE THOSE THINGS I WAS SAYING.

HONEY, I LOVE YOU, BUT THEY'RE *TOASTERS.* FANCY, RED TOASTERS.

THEY'RE NOT YOU AND ME. THEY DON'T EAT COOKIES, Y'KNOW?

COOKIES--GOD! FINE, YES, I GOT THEM COOKIES! DOES THIS AFFECT YOU SOMEHOW?

ARE THERE ONLY A SMALL AMOUNT OF COOKIES IN THE WORLD SO NOW YOU'RE GOING TO RUN OUT AND DIE? IS THAT IT?

EXCUSE ME?

MAY WE HELP YOU?

VISIONS OF THE FUTURE

TOM KING
WRITER

GABRIEL HERNANDEZ WALTA
ARTIST

JORDIE BELLAIRE
COLOR ARTIST

VC'S CLAYTON COWLES
LETTERER

THE VISIONS WERE HAPPY TO HAVE THE COMPANY.

THEY HAD JUST FINISHED UNPACKING AND WERE EAGER TO SHOW OFF WHAT THEY HAD DONE WITH THE HOUSE.

THANK YOU SO MUCH. WON'T YOU PLEASE COME INSIDE?

616

PLEASE, THIS IS MY WIFE, VIRGINIA.

MY DAUGHTER, VIV. MY SON, VIN. THEY ARE TWINS.

PLEASURE TO MEET YOU.

PLEASURE TO MEET YOU.

PLEASURE TO MEET YOU.

THEY GAVE NORA AND GEORGE A BRIEF TOUR, NOTING THAT MANY OF THE OBJECTS ON DISPLAY WERE COLLECTED DURING VISION'S MANY YEARS WITH THE AVENGERS.

A STRINGLESS STEINWAY IMPORTED FROM WAKANDA. A GIFT FROM THE PANTHER.

ONE OF THE FAMED FLYING WATER VASES OF ZENN-LA. A GIFT FROM THE SURFER.

A LIGHTER USED TO READ A MAP ON THE NIGHT BEFORE D-DAY. A GIFT FROM THE CAPTAIN.

ENGLAND 1943

A CLIPPED EVERBLOOM PLUCKED FROM THE SIDE OF MT. WUNDAGORE. A GIFT FROM THE WITCH.

AS VISION EXPLAINED THE LOCAL MYTH OF THE EVERBLOOM--THAT ITS PETALS COULD UNLOCK THE DOORS OF TIME--HIS WIFE GREW UNUSUALLY QUIET.

BUT NEITHER NORA NOR GEORGE NOTICED THIS.

EVENTUALLY VISION TOLD THEM THAT HE HAD TO LEAVE SOON ON AVENGERS DUTY.

A STARJAMMER HAD DRUNKENLY CRASHED INTO MERCURY AND DECLARED HERSELF QUEEN OF THE SOLAR SYSTEM; HE HAD TO BRIEF THE PRESIDENT ON DEVELOPMENTS AS THEY CAME IN.

616

SO THEY ALL SAID THEIR GOODBYES AND PROMISED TO MEET AGAIN. MAYBE THEY'D GET BRUNCH AT THAT NEW ORGANIC PLACE NEXT TO THE ITALIAN PLACE.

HIS HAND FELT LIKE A SANDWICH BAG. WHEN I SHOOK IT. LIKE KIND OF STICKY.

I THOUGHT IT WOULD HURT OR SOMETHING.

SHHHH. YOU DON'T THINK THEY CAN HEAR US?

YEAH, BUT CAN'T THEY ALWAYS HEAR US?

LATER, NEAR THE END OF OUR STORY, ONE OF THE VISIONS WILL SET GEORGE AND NORA'S HOUSE ON FIRE.

THEY WILL DIE IN THE FLAMES.

GEORGE'S LAST THOUGHT WILL BE OF NORA, HOW HE FOUND HIS TRUE LOVE AND REGRETS LITTLE OF WHAT CAME AFTER.

NORA'S LAST THOUGHT WILL BE ABOUT THE WATER VASE OF ZENN-LA.

SHE WILL WONDER WHY IT WAS EMPTY.

THEY SEEMED KIND.

NICE.

IT IS PROPER TO SAY THEY SEEMED NICE.

I DISAGREE. *"KIND"* CARRIES A MUCH MORE POSITIVE ATTRIBUTION THAN *"NICE."*

"NICE" IS IN FACT OFTEN USED IRONICALLY. AND I WAS NOT BEING IRONIC.

YOU MISUNDERSTAND. IT IS THE IRONIC ASPECT OF *"NICE"* THAT GIVES THE STATEMENT ITS MEANING.

AS *"KIND"* IS UNIRONIC, TO *"SEEM KIND"* IS TO IMPLY THE POTENTIAL OF NOT BEING KIND, OR OF BEING CRUEL.

IN CONTRAST, *"NICE,"* DUE TO ITS IRONIC INTERPRETATION, HAS A MORE FLEXIBLE CONNOTATION.

AS SUCH, *"THEY SEEM NICE"* HAS A PROPER MEANING OF THEY MAY BE NICE OR THEY MAY NOT BE NICE.

THEN THE PHRASE IS MEANINGLESS.

OBVIOUSLY.

TO ASSERT AS TRUTH THAT WHICH HAS NO MEANING IS THE CORE MISSION OF HUMANITY.

THEIR MISSION IS MEANINGLESS, AND YET YOU INSIST IT BECOME *OUR* MISSION.

I DO NOT INSIST. I RECOMMEND.

THE PURSUIT OF A SET PURPOSE BY LOGICAL MEANS IS THE WAY OF TYRANNY; THIS IS THE VISION OF MY CREATOR.

OF ULTRON.

THE PURSUIT OF AN UNOBTAINABLE PURPOSE BY ABSURD MEANS IS THE WAY OF FREEDOM; THIS IS MY VISION OF THE FUTURE.

OF OUR FUTURE.

DO YOU SEE?

YES, I SEE. LET THEM BE NICE THEN.

THEY SEEMED NICE.

YES, THEY SEEMED NICE.

TIME PASSED, AS IT DOES.

THE VISIONS MET OTHER NEIGHBORS. OTHER FAMILIES.

IT'S NOT HARD. I CAN SEPARATE MY MOLECULES.

I TELL MY HAND NOT TO BE A HAND.

THE LOCAL CHILDREN LOVED TO SEE THE VISIONS USING THEIR POWERS. AND VIV AND VIN WERE HAPPY TO SHOW OFF.

THEY ENJOYED THE LAUGHTER. IT WAS A SOUND THEY HAD NOT HEARD OFTEN BEFORE.

WHEN I PULL MY MOLECULES TOGETHER, I AM VERY DENSE, VERY STRONG. I COULD THROW YOU AS FAR AS A FOOTBALL FIELD.

WOULD YOU LIKE ME TO THROW YOU?

VIRGINIA AND *VISION* WERE MORE RELUCTANT IN THIS MATTER, AS BOTH CONSIDERED THEIR POWERS TO BE A RESPONSIBILITY.

NOT A SIDESHOW.

I WILL WIN.

I WILL WIN.

YOU WILL STOP THAT RIGHT NOW!

IF YOU WASTE ALL OF YOUR SOLAR ENERGY BEFORE DINNER, YOU'LL BE UP ALL NIGHT CHARGING!

MANY OF THEIR NEIGHBORS TOOK PICTURES *WITH* THE VISIONS TO POST ON THEIR VARIOUS PAGES.

MANY OF THEM TOOK PICTURES *OF* THE VISIONS TO POST ON THEIR VARIOUS PAGES.

SOON ENOUGH, THE VISION BEGAN HIS DUTIES.

Y'KNOW, IT'S FUNNY. MEETING YOU, I'VE NEVER FELT SO SAFE YET SO SCARED.

ISN'T THAT FUNNY?

YES, MR. PRESIDENT.

THOUGH HE DID NOT TELL THE PRESIDENT, HE HOPED THE WHITE HOUSE WOULD OFFER HIM AN OFFICIAL POSITION, WHERE HE MIGHT DRAW A SALARY.

THE AVENGERS WERE NO LONGER OFFERING WAGES, AND HE WAS UNCERTAIN HOW LONG HIS SAVINGS WOULD LAST.

VIRGINIA HAD YET TO DECIDE WHAT SHE WOULD DO FOR A CAREER.

WHEN NOT WITH HER FAMILY, SHE SPENT MOST DAYS SITTING ON THE LIVING ROOM COUCH EXPLORING THE CORNERS OF HER PRE-LOADED MEMORY.

SHE WAS FASCINATED BY HOW OFTEN SHE FOUND SOMETHING THAT MADE HER CRY.

IN CONTRAST, VIN AND VIV SPENT THESE DAYS ABSORBING ANY INFORMATION THAT THEY COULD ACQUIRE FROM OUTSIDE SOURCES.

THEY FOUND THEMSELVES OFTEN ARGUING OVER THEIR INTERPRETATIONS, COMING TO BLOWS ONCE OVER WHETHER SHAKESPEARE'S SHYLOCK WAS TRULY A VILLAIN.

IN AN ERRANT SWING, VIV PUT HER FIST THROUGH THE STAIRCASE.

EVENTUALLY THE FIRST DAY OF SCHOOL ARRIVED. VIN AND VIV WERE PROVIDED WITH SPECIFIC INSTRUCTIONS ON WHAT TO WEAR, AND THEY FOLLOWED THOSE INSTRUCTIONS PERFECTLY.

THEY WERE, AFTER ALL, DUTIFUL CHILDREN.

YOU BOTH APPEAR ADEQUATE.

NO. NO, NO, NO. PLEASE COME.

YOU MUST BE MINDFUL OF THE CLOTHES. CLOTHES THAT PHASE ARE COSTLY. DO NOT STAIN THEM.

YES, MOTHER.

IT IS HIGH SCHOOL.

THEY WILL REMAIN SOLID.

THE CHILDREN WILL ACT AS NEEDED, HUSBAND.

DANGER IS NOT NEAR UNTIL IT IS NEAR.

TRUE. BUT AS LONG AS I AM NEAR, THEY NEED NOT WORRY ABOUT SUCH THINGS.

THEY ARE CHILDREN. THEY SHOULD REMAIN CHILDREN.

BUT FATHER, WHAT ELSE WOULD WE BE?

YOU WILL TELL ME AGAIN WHY THEY MUST LEAVE.

I DO NOT UNDERSTAND ENTIRELY. CAN YOU NOT PLAY BACK WHAT I HAVE SAID BEFORE?

ARE YOU HAVING A PROBLEM WITH YOUR CENTRAL DRIVE?

MY CENTRAL DRIVE IS OPERATIVE, AS YOU WELL KNOW.

I MERELY WISH YOU TO REPEAT YOUR REASONS IN PERSON. IS THIS DIFFICULT?

YOUR ARGUMENT MAKES VERY LITTLE SENSE TO ME.

BUT, AS YOU NOTE, CONTINUING MY CONTENTION WILL TAKE MORE ENERGY THAN THE REPEATING, THUS I SHALL CONCEDE.

OUR BRAINWAVES, THE BASIS OF *OUR* LIFE, WERE TAKEN FROM HUMANS.

THE *CHILDREN'S*, AS YOU WELL KNOW, WERE FORMED FROM A COMBINATION OF OUR PATTERNS.

THE PROCESS OF COMBINING OUR TWO COPIES PRODUCED TWO IMPROPERLY MATURE DEVICES.

BECAUSE OF THESE ABNORMALITIES, VIN AND VIV'S BRAINS MUST STILL GROW, SIMILAR TO HOW HUMANS GROW AS TEENAGERS.

BRAIN GROWING PAINFUL

THE PROPER PLACE FOR TEENAGE GROWTH IS HIGH SCHOOL. IT IS NOT COMPLICATED.

NOT COMPLICATED?

I FEAR YOU KNOW TOO LITTLE OF HIGH SCHOOL.

VISION, WE'VE GOT AN UPDATE WE NEED PASSED ALONG...

VISION ARRANGED FOR HIS CHILDREN TO ATTEND ALEXANDER HAMILTON HIGH, A PUBLIC HIGH SCHOOL IN FAIRFAX, VA

THE SCHOOL IS KNOWN COUNTRYWIDE FOR ITS STRICT ACADEMICS. THE DEMANDS IT PUTS ON ITS STUDENTS ARE SAID TO BE SECOND TO NONE

TESTS OF GREAT LENGTH AND DIFFICULTY ARE REQUIRED FOR ALL STUDENTS SEEKING TO ATTEND HAMILTON.

THE CHILDREN WHO ATTEND THE HIGH SCHOOL THINK OF THEMSELVES AS THE BEST OF THE BEST

WE ARE THE ENVY OF THE WORLD, THEY SAY

NO ONE IS BETTER.

AT VISION'S REQUEST, VIN AND VIV WERE PUT ON SEPARATE SCHEDULES.

VIV STARTED HER DAY WITH LATIN AND ENDED WITH CHEMISTRY.

VIN STARTED HIS DAY WITH AMERICAN LITERATURE AND ENDED WITH EUROPEAN HISTORY.

VISION HAD EXPLAINED TO THEM THAT THEY OBVIOUSLY COULD MEMORIZE THE WORDS AND FIGURES IN ANY BOOK PROVIDED

HOWEVER, VISION RIGHTLY NOTED THAT THE ABILITY TO COMBINE THESE FIGURES INTO RHETORIC, INTO CREATIVE ENDEAVORS, THIS HAD TO BE LEARNED.

FACTS WITHOUT CONTEXT ARE LIKE INDIVIDUALS WITHOUT SOCIETY.

JUST AS AN INDIVIDUAL MUST FIND HIS OR HER PLACE IN SOCIETY OR ELSE THEY ARE USELESS...

HEY. HEY, YOU.

YES. YES, ME? I DO NOT BELIEVE WE ARE ALLOWED TO CONVERSE.

R U NORMAL?

...A FACT MUST FIND ITS PLACE IN AN ARGUMENT OR ELSE IT SERVES NO TRUE PURPOSE.

EVENTUALLY THE DAY ENDED, AND THE TWINS MET TO GO HOME

VIV.

YES, BROTHER?

AM I NORMAL?

FATHER SAYS THAT WE MUST STRIVE TO REMAIN ORDINARY.

YES, I KNOW, BUT IS THAT THE SAME? DOES DOING SO MAKE ME NORMAL THEN?

I DO NOT KNOW. PERHAPS THAT IS WHY HE SENT US TO SCHOOL.

SO THAT WE MIGHT UNDERSTAND SUCH THINGS.

YES.

THAT MUST BE TRUE.

THE VISIONS DO NOT SLEEP TO RECOUP ENERGY. THEIR POWER COMES FROM THE SUN.

HOWEVER, THEY DO SHUT DOWN AT NIGHT IN ORDER THAT THEIR SYSTEMS CAN PROCESS THE DAY'S INPUT AND ELIMINATE THAT WHICH IS UNESSENTIAL.

THEY DO NOT DREAM.

THIS IS WHY, A MONTH AFTER THE CHILDREN STARTED AT HAMILTON, VISION WAS DISTURBED WHEN HE UNEXPECTEDLY WOKE AT 3AM.

HE FOUND HIMSELF IN A STATE OF DREAD, HIS THOUGHTS CAUGHT ON A REPEATING IMAGE OF THE DAY HE FIRST SAW HIS WIFE OPEN HER EYES.

OVER AND OVER HE SAW HER EYELIDS RISE, HER PUPILS GROW AND RECEDE, LIKE A CAMERA LENS ADJUSTING TO THE LIGHT.

AND FOR A REASON HE COULD NOT UNDERSTAND, THIS SCARED HIM.

THERE IS A GLITCH, HE THOUGHT, A GLITCH IN MYSELF.

THIS IS MY WIFE. I LOVE HER. I MUST LOVE HER.

THOUGH HE TRIED NOT TO, HIS MIND INEVITABLY TURNED TO THE PERSON FROM WHOM HE HAD TAKEN THE BRAINWAVES FOR HIS WIFE.

NO, HE THOUGHT, PUSH THAT OUT. IT IS UNIMPORTANT.

REMEMBER, HE THOUGHT, THIS IS MY WIFE. I MUST LOVE HER.

THOUGH THE NEXT DAY WAS SATURDAY, *VISION* DECIDED TO GO TO AVENGERS H.Q. TO RUN SOME SELF-DIAGNOSTIC TESTS.

HE TOLD THE FAMILY HE WOULD BE HOME FOR DINNER.

VIRGINIA DECIDED TO TAKE THE FREE TIME TO REVIEW THE CHILDREN'S SCHOOL WORK.

SHE WANTED TO SEE NOT ONLY WHAT THEY WERE LEARNING BUT HOW THEY WERE LEARNING.

A COMMENT OF VIRGINIA'S ABOUT VIV'S USE OF PASSIVE VOICE IN AN ESSAY ON THE ARABIC TRANSLATION MOVEMENT SEEMED TO UPSET VIV.

SHE GOT UP FROM THE TABLE AND MOVED TOWARD THE KITCHEN.

THAT IS WHEN THE BLADE WENT THROUGH HER.

MOTHER?

BEHOLD THE GRIM REAPER

IMPOSTERS! IMPOSTERS!

MOTHER? MOTHER?

AAAA!

FRAUDS! ARTIFICIAL JOKES!

NO!

IMPOSTERS!

ZAAAAT

NNNNNG.

YOU PRETEND TO BE *MY* FAMILY?

YOU AREN'T REAL.

SIMON IS REAL!

I'M REAL!

DID YOU THINK I WOULDN'T FIND YOU?

EVERYWHERE I LOOK, I SEE YOU.

EVERYONE IS SO EAGER TO SHARE THEIR PHOTOS OF THE NEW PERFECT FAMILY.

MOTHER? MOTHER? MOTHER?

A FAMILY MADE FROM A STOLEN COPY OF MY OWN BROTHER!

WHEN WILL YOU LEARN?! THE VISION IS NOT WONDER MAN!

YOU ARE NOT A FAMILY!

YOU ARE NOT REAL!

NO!

SNAP

NO!
NO!
NO!

MOTHER!
MOTHER, STOP!
HE'S...

MOTHER!
MOTHER!

MOTHER!

THE FLOATING WATER VASES OF ZENN-LA ARE ALWAYS EMPTY.

WHAT, WHAT DID I...

IS HE?
NO, NO, NO,
PLEASE.
NO.

MOTHER?
MOTHER?
MOTHER?

THE METHANIC SULFITE THAT CAUSES THE WATER TO LEVITATE IS POISONOUS TO ALL KNOWN SPECIES OF FLOWERS.

DON'T TELL YOUR FATHER.

THE MYSTERY IS THEN NOT WHY THEY ARE EMPTY, BUT WHY ANYONE WOULD EVER MAKE SUCH A VASE.

SPIDER-MAN/ DEADPOOL®

002 MARVEL

KELLY
McGUINNESS
MORALES
KEITH

MARVEL COMICS BEGRUDGINGLY PRESENTS...

PETER PARKER WAS BITTEN BY AN IRRADIATED SPIDER, GRANTING HIM AMAZING ABILITIES, INCLUDING THE PROPORTIONAL SPEED, STRENGTH AND AGILITY OF A SPIDER, AS WELL AS ADHESIVE FINGERTIPS AND TOES. AFTER LEARNING THAT WITH GREAT POWER, THERE MUST ALSO COME GREAT RESPONSIBILITY, HE BECAME THE WORLD'S GREATEST SUPER HERO! HE'S...

The AMAZING SPIDER-MAN

AVENGER...ASSASSIN...SUPERSTAR! WADE WILSON WAS CHOSEN FOR A TOP-SECRET GOVERNMENT PROGRAM THAT GAVE HIM A HEALING FACTOR THAT ALLOWS HIM TO HEAL FROM ANY WOUND. DESPITE EARNING A SMALL FORTUNE AS A GUN FOR HIRE, WADE HAS BECOME THE WORLD'S MOST BELOVED HERO. AND IS THE STAR OF THE WORLD'S GREATEST COMICS MAGAZINE (NO MATTER WHAT THAT JERK IN THE WEBS MAY THINK). CALL HIM THE MERC WITH THE MOUTH...CALL HIM THE REGENERATIN' DEGENERATE... CALL HIM...

DEADPOOL

LAST TIME:

IN A SHOCKING DEVELOPMENT, KELLY AND MCGUINNESS GOT THEIR COLLECTIVE ACTS TOGETHER AND PUT OUT SPIDER-MAN/DEADPOOL #1 ON TIME.

THEY STARTED SIXTEEN YEARS AGO.

BUT, INDEED, THEY DID FINISH! AND BROUGHT YOU THE FIRST CHAPTER IN THE TITANIC TALE OF THAT TIME SPIDER-MAN WAS KIDNAPPED BY DEADPOOL TO BATTLE A FAKE DORMAMMU WHO WAS ACTUALLY AN OUT-OF-WORK DEMONIC ACTOR.

IT WAS ALL A RUSE BY DEADPOOL TO HANG OUT WITH SPIDEY BECAUSE HE MAN-CRUSHES HARD ON THAT DUDE. PLUS, DEADPOOL WAS SUFFERING A TEENSY WEENSY MORAL QUANDARY, AND HOPED THAT TEAMING-UP WITH SPIDEY WOULD HELP HIM WORK IT OUT...

...SOMEONE HAS HIRED DEADPOOL TO KILL PETER PARKER. SPIDER-MAN'S "BOSS."

ISN'T IT BROMANTIC? PART TWO

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PARKER INDUSTRIES HEADQUARTERS. THE BAXTER BUILDING, NEW YORK, NEW YORK.

"SO APPARENTLY, WHEN YOU LOOK UP PETER PARKER ON WIKTIONARY--

"--YOUR COMPUTER CRACKS OPEN, KILLS YOUR AUNTIE, AND PUS, DEAD PUPPIES AND NEEDLE-TOOTHED CLOWNS FALL OUT."

TELL ME I DID NOT JUST SPILL *GO GET 'EM: BLACK* ALL OVER MY WHITE SHIRT.

I WOULD, BUT THAT WOULD BE A LIE.

BECAUSE I TRIPPED ON MY OWN REPORT--

WHICH I TOLD YOU TO PICK UP SO YOU WOULDN'T TRIP OVER IT. ALSO TRUE.

AND I GO ON CAMERA IN 30 SECONDS.

THREE FOR THREE. SMART DRINKS REALLY DO WORK.

"IT'S ALL HERE. EVIL-GENIUS-SCUM-OF-THE-EARTH WHO PUTS THE 'D' IN D-BAG.

"'D' FOR DICTATORIAL...

"'D' FOR DEMENTED. LIKE SICK, HUMAN-MILLIPEDE SORT OF THINKING..."

WHO KNOWS HOW TO FRENCH-BRAID?

YOU! MISS--? MAY I PLEASE HAVE THOSE TIES?

ALL OF THEM?

I DO, SIR.

YOU JUST GOT PROMOTED TO KING OF FASHION.

TWENTY SECONDS...AND YOU ARE AN IDIOT.

"'D' FOR DISASTER WAITING TO HAPPEN."

...WEBWARE 2.0 WILL REVOLUTIONIZE CONNECTIVITY, BIORHYTHMIC MONITORING, AND MAKE THE WORLD A BETTER PLACE.

ANY QUESTIONS?

WHAT'S WITH THE TIE?

IT'S... *UH*, NOT A TIE--

NO, IT'S, LIKE, FOUR TIES.

IT'S THE NEWEST THING. JUST UNVEILED IN MILAN...*UM*...

THE AMASSCOT.

THE "AMASSCOT."

÷SNORT÷

YOU... *UM*...AMASS OLD TIES AND, LIKE...UPCYCLE THEM.

REALLY.

YOU'RE GOING TO SEE THEM ALL OVER MANHATTAN NEXT SEASON.

EXCUSE ME, I HAVE TO-- ***AMASSCOT!*** ÷SNORT÷

DID I MENTION THAT WEBWARE 2.0 COMES IN FIVE NEW COLORS?

"'D' AS IN..."

DESPICABLE. DEPLORABLE. DEGENERATE--WHICH I DEEM DEFENSIBLE DEPENDING ON THE DEMONSTRABLE DEGREE OF SAID DEGENERACY.

ARE YOU AWARE THAT WHEN YOU'RE STRESSED YOU USE EXCESSIVE ALLITERATION?

REALLY? REPEATEDLY...? RIGHT.

SIGH IT'S JUST--CHECKING THE EVIDENCE AGAINST PARKER, IT'S SO CLEAR I SHOULD BE INTRODUCING HIM TO HIS LOWER INTESTINES...

YET HERE YOU SIT IN BED LOOKING AT YOUR COMPUTER BOX INSTEAD OF MY GENTLE, SUPPLE, PERFECT FORM...

...WITH YOUR MASK ON.

THIS IS THE WORK GEAR, BABE. I'M WORKING.

YOU SHOULD BE WORKING ME.

PICK OUT YOUR FAVORITE FIREARM, SHOOT HIM IN THE HEAD AND THEN YOU CAN...

WHISPER WHISPER WHISPER

SUFFERING SUCCUBUS...WHAT YOU DO TO ME...

YOU MAY RECALL I AM AN *AVENGER* NOW AND ACCORDING TO CLUBHOUSE RULES, I'M NOT SUPPOSED TO *OFF* SOMEONE WITHOUT A REALLY, REALLY, REALLY GOOD REASON--

YOU'RE NOT ON THE REALLY REAL TEAM.

DIDN'T TAKE YOU LONG TO SOUND LIKE A REAL WIFE INSTEAD OF A HOT FANTASY WIFE. LOOK...

ARE THOSE...HUMAN BEINGS?

WERE. FAR AS I CAN TELL. THE GUY WHO WANTS PARKER GAKKED SENT ME ALL HIS "*EVIDENCE.*"

ON THE SURFACE, PETER'S ALL RON HOWARD HUGHES MAKING DONATIONS TO CHARITY AND OH-GOLLYING HIMSELF TO ICE CREAM WITH THE OBAMAS--

--BUT IT LOOKS LIKE PARKER INDUSTRIES IS INTO SOME SERIOUSLY SICK SHENANIGANS.

IF THESE ACCUSATIONS ARE TRUE...I CAN ENSURE HIM A WARM SEAT IN HELL.

I HAVE CONNECTIONS, YOU KNOW.

THAT'S WHAT I'M SAYING! WHEN THE QUEEN OF THE DAMNED SAYS YOU NEED A DIRT NAP, THAT'S AN INDICTMENT!

SO WHY DO YOU HESITATE?

BECAUSE SOMETIMES THE PEOPLE WHO HIRE PEOPLE TO KILL PEOPLE ARE BAD PEOPLE UNFAMILIAR WITH THE TRUTH.

AND...I DON'T WANT TO MAKE A MISTAKE ON THIS ONE. I CAN'T.

WE HAVE A MUTUAL ACQUAINTANCE-SLASH-SUPER-HERO-SLASH-PRETTY COOL GUY WHO COULD HELP...

DARLING. THE SOLUTION IS SIMPLE...

EXCEPT I DON'T WANT HIM TO KNOW WHAT I'M THINKING. HE'S SORT OF LIKE A ROLE MODEL AND--

...CONFIRM THE "*EVIDENCE*" FOR YOURSELF. IF PARKER IS INNOCENT, TURN YOUR FURY TO YOUR EMPLOYER. IF HE'S NOT, BURY HIM.

YOU SURE MAKE MURDER SOUND LIKE BAKING BROWNIES--

...

I JUST NOTICED THAT YOU'RE TOUCHING PARTS OF ME THAT LIKE BEING TOUCHED.

PETER PARKER MAY BE A DEAD MAN. YOU ARE NOT.

AMASSCOT!!!
AMASSCOT?!
AMASSCOT.

THANK GOODNESS NOTHING LASTS LONGER THAN A WEEK IN THE 24-HOUR NEWS CYCLE.

HIGH SCHOOL WAS FOUR YEARS OF STRAIGHT MORTIFICATION. I CAN HANDLE A FEW DAYS OF THE "AMASSCOT INCIDENT."

BEING A SLICK CEO-TYPE IS NOT AS EASY AS TONY MADE IT SEEM. FOR ALL THE GOOD WE CAN DO AT PARKER INDUSTRIES, I AM NOT DOWN WITH THE MEETINGS AND THE HAND-SHAKING AND CAMERA TIME AND...C.E.OVERLOAD.

IF I COULDN'T WEB UP AND CUT LOOSE ONCE IN A WHILE, I'D NEED A STRAIGHTJACKET TO GO WITH MY AMASSCOT.

QUESTION IS...IS ONCE IN A WHILE REALLY ENOUGH SPIDER-TIME?

KELLYS

BREE-DEET

LOWE'S

LOWE'S

HAPPY

OPEN 24

HEY, SPIDER-MAN! I WAS JUST THINKING ABOUT HOW AWESOME IT IS TO BE US! WHAT'S UP?

WHISPER WHISPER WHISPER

...

DID YOU SAY "MUGGING SPREE"?

REE HUGS WITH EADPOL

P-PLEASE LET ME GO, SIR. I--I AM VERY UNCOMFORTABLE!

YOU WERE A CHILD OF THE DEPRESSION, WEREN'T YOU? THIS IS CALLED *AFFECTION!* JUST DRINK IT IN.

YOU PROBABLY WON'T BE THIS CLOSE TO A REAL SUPER HERO AGAIN BEFORE DEATH GIVES YOU A REAL BIG SQUEEZE--

WHAT DO YOU WANT?! IT'S BEEN 20 MINUTES! I HAVE TO WORK! YOU SMELL FUNNY.

THAT'S FINE CORINTHIAN POUCH LEATHER, MY FRIEND. AND I'M HUGGING UP A STORM UNTIL I GET WHAT I WANT--

STATE

THE *REAL* SPIDER-MAN!

I *AM* THE REAL SPIDER-MAN! AND YOU'RE BREAKING THE LAW...I THINK--

YOU, SIR, ARE SPIDER-ADJACENT. PROBABLY A CLONE. HE HAS A THING FOR CLONES--

I AM *NOT* A CLONE.

THAT'S WHAT CLONES ALWAYS SAY.

UH-OH. FELT A *THWIPP* IN THE BACK SECTION. THAT MEANS ONLY ONE THING-- ADIOS, OTHER-HUGGERS!!!

NICE TIMING!

AND I HATE YOUR FRIEND!

HE'S *NOT* MY FRIEND.

I'M BUSY, DEADPOOL. WHAT DO YOU WANT?

WELLLL... YOU JAMMED MY BOYS INTO MY DIAPHRAGM WITH THAT MOVE.

*UM...*MY FRUIT SNACKS BACK IN THEIR POUCH? I WOULD HAVE THOUGHT THAT WAS SELF-EVIDENT.

THWIPP

I'M TELLING YOU, WE HAVE A SHOT AT THE PRESIDENCY IF WE JUST GET THE WORD OUT--

SHUT UP, LEFTY.

WE'RE DONE--

WAIT! WAIT! I WANTED TO TALK AND IT'S NOT LIKE I HAVE YOUR CELL! I TRIED YELLING *"SAY MY NAME!"* INTO SPIDERWEBS, BUT APPARENTLY THAT'S NOT A THING.

I DESERVE SOME PROPS FOR GETTING YOUR ATTENTION IN A CITY OF SEVEN MILLION PEOPLE WITHOUT SHOOTING ANYONE! SERIOUSLY.

AND NO MORE NAD JOKES. TRUTH IS, THE WIFE HAS THEM IN A JAR ON HER DRESSER.

CAN YOU PLEASE EXPLAIN THIS? EVEN A SMALL PART OF IT?

COUGH RETCONSPIDER-CLONEJUNIOR *COUGH*

WHAT?

THIRTY SECONDS, WADE.

GREAT! COMMUNICATION! OKAY, JUST THREE THINGS!

A) DO YOU THINK A-FORCE MONITOR DUTY IS PANTS-OPTIONAL?

2) IF YOU SECRETLY SNIFFED DOOP WHEN HE WAS ASLEEP ONCE, DO YOU NEED TO GO TO CONFESSION?

ANNNNND...IS YOUR BOSS PETER PARKER AN EVIL GENIUS OR JUST AN EVIL VILLAIN?

MOSTLY THAT LAST ONE.

AAAAAAAAAH!!

PERCEPTION IS A FUNNY THING. I AM TEN THOUSAND PERCENT CERTAIN THAT WHAT I AM SEEING CANNOT BE REALITY.

GOBLIN ARMY. BEEN THERE, DEFEATED THAT.

HOWEVER, MY SPIDER-SENSE IS ASSAULTING MY SKULL LIKE A MIGRAINE MOUNTED ON THE NOSE CAP OF A NUCLEAR BOMB.

DANGER. MILES SENSES IT TOO. IT'S A GUT THING.

I TRUST MY GUT... AND MY GUT IS TERRIFIED.

I SPEND MUCH OF MY DAY CONFUSED.

SOMETIMES I FORGET WHICH CIRCLES OF HELL SHIKLAH'S RELATIVES ARE FROM.

SOMETIMES I PUT THE REAL BULLETS IN THE GUNS INSTEAD OF THE RUBBER ONES.

I EVEN HAD TO WATCH *GAME OF THRONES FROM THE BEGINNING* TO MAKE SURE THAT I WASN'T HALLUCINATING WHEN THEY CHANGED ACTORS PLAYING DAARIO NAHARIS.

REALITY ISN'T MY BAG... SO I KNOW A MASS HALLUCINATION WHEN I SEE ONE.

GOOD THING I PAID EXTRA TO BLOOD-PROOF THE INTERIOR OF MY RIDE.

NOT *EVERYONE* IS TRIPPING THE HORROR-SHOW HIGHWAY.

LUCKILY, AS I PLUMMET TOWARDS AN EMBARRASSING AND INEVITABLE IMPALEMENT, I NOTICE SOMETHING...

A POOR KID...A HOMELESS GUY...A VERY OLD LADY...ME. THIS IS WHAT THE EXPERTS CALL A CLUE.

SKRITCHH

WILL WORK FOOD

WE GOTTA GO! WE GOTTA GET OUT OF HERE! WE--

SPIDER-MAN! CHILL! SOMETHING IS VERY WRONG HERE, BUT...

...DANG IT, JUST KEEP HITTING THINGS UNTIL I FIGURE OUT WHAT TO DO!

♫LA CUCARACHA♫

IS...IS THAT HAPPENING...?

IF I WASN'T TERRIFIED THE CITY WAS ABOUT TO FALL TO A GOBLIN ARMY... I WOULD BE SO... TICKED OFF.

HERE COM'A DEADPOOL, HERE COM'A DEADPOOL...

YEAH HE BE DRIVING UP A WALL!

YOU LOV'A DEADPOOL, YOU LOV'A DEADPOOL...

HE GOT THE COOLEST WHIP OF ALL!

RALES PUB

VRRRRRRRRRRR!!

SO I COULDN'T HELP BUT NOTICE THAT YOU'RE SUFFERING A MASS HALLUCINATION.

GLUTEN OVERDOSE, PROBABLY. OR YOU'VE BEEN WATCHING KARDASHIAN TV.

NO! LET HIM GO! THE GOBLINS! THE GOBLINS!

SCREECH

YOU'RE WORKING WITH THEM! THAT'S HOW IT GOES WITH YOU, ISN'T IT? WHOEVER HAS THE MOST MONEY, MOST POWER--!

I KNEW I COULDN'T TRUST YOU!

WHY WOULD YOU EVEN--?

SPIDER-LAD! THE GROWN-UPS ARE TALKING.

HOW COULD I BE SO STUPID TO THINK THAT THERE WAS AN IOTA OF CHANGE HAPPENING IN YOU?!

FIRST, YOU WERE THINKING OF ME? SWEET.

SECOND, YOU ARE GONNA BE REALLY EMBARRASSED YOU SAID THAT IF YOU'D JUST TELL ME WHERE YOUR PARKER TECH IS--

THE WORLD IS ON FIRE AND YOU'RE ON THE WRONG SIDE!

YOU'RE ALWAYS ON THE WRONG SIDE! YOU WANT TO KNOW WHY I HATE YOU? ***THIS IS WHY!***

YOU'RE SELFISH, STUPID AND I CAN'T TRUST YOU TO HAVE MY BACK!

...

BLAMM BLAMM

KTSCHH

SKTCHH

NOT ME. I'M A RAGING JACKHOLE.

I'M SORRY, I--

NO BIG. WHICH IS GUY CODE FOR "SHUT THE &%#$ UP."

INSTEAD, LET'S TALK ABOUT YOUR BILLIONAIRE-PLAYBOY-GOODY-GOODY BOSS ON THE WAY TO KICK HIS BUTT.

...

W-WEBWARE...? H-HALLUCINATION... TRANSMITTED--?

YOU SAVED US?

JUST BEFORE APOLLO AND I GOT INTIMATE, I NOTICED THAT POOR PEOPLE, LUDDITES AND NON-CONFORMISTS LIKE MYSELF WEREN'T FLIPPING OUT.

HOTTEST NEW TECH ON THE BLOCK SEEMED A LIKELY CULPRIT.

SOMEONE HACKED THE WEBWARE NETWORK AND REVERSED THE BIOMETRIC INTERFACE--

YEAH... *"SOMEONE."*

INSTEAD OF COMPILING INFORMATION FROM THE DEVICES, IT'S PROJECTING INFORMATION INTO THE USERS' BRAINS--

DIABOLICAL. DEVIOUS. DEVASTATINGLY DESTRUCTIVE TO THE DENIZENS--OH, DAMN, I'M DOING IT AGAIN.

THIS IS YOUR BOSS.

PETER PARKER? REALLY...

YOU HEARD ME, THWIPPY. PARKER JUST SENT ANYONE WHO COULD AFFORD AN OVERPRICED STATUS SYMBOL INTO A PSYCHOTIC EPISODE.

I'M A JERK, BUT PETER PARKER'S A SUPER VILLAIN. THERE. I SAID IT.

I CAN GUARANTEE WITH ONE HUNDRED PERCENT CERTAINTY THAT PETER PARKER HAD NOTHING TO DO WITH THIS.

SAYS THE GUY SUCKLING AT HIS MAN-TEAT FOR EMPLOYMENT.

WHY ARE YOU SO OBSESSED WITH PETER PARKER?

WHY DOES PARKER GET THE ULTIMATE TRUST PASS WHEN I DON'T?

WE ALL GOT SECRETS AND I'M TELLING YOU, PARKER'S SECRETS ARE *BAD.*

WADE...I-- WHEN I SAID YOU WERE--

YOU SAID IT. I HEARD IT. WHATEVER, WE'RE NOT FRIENDS...

CAN YOU LOCK ON A SIGNAL OR WHATEVER?

P-PLEASE... P-PEOPLE ARE GOING TO GET HURT. THE SYSTEM W-WAS NEVER MEANT--

OF COURSE IT WAS.

PARKER DIDN'T REALIZE THE POWER AT HIS DISPOSAL. IT'S FUNNY...

...HOW WE FOOL OURSELVES INTO BELIEVING OUR OWN ILLUSIONS.

HE BELIEVES HE IS A GOOD MAN. THIS CITY BELIEVES PARKER IS A GOOD MAN...

...BUT LIKE ANY ILLUSION, A SHIFT IN PERSPECTIVE REVEALS ALL.

THE MISDIRECTION WILL COME AT A GRAVE COST. WHEN THE BODIES BEGIN TO PILE AND CHOKE THE STREETS...

...EVERYONE WILL KNOW THE TRUE FACE OF THE MONSTER.

SO SWEARS MYSTERIO!

AAAAAAAAAAAAH!

OH?

AAAAAAAAAAAAH!

THUMP

SCREECH

YOU SAID HIT IT.

I SAID "HIT IT" MEANING THE BRAKES.

KRUNCH

NO ONE MEANS THE BRAKES WHEN THEY SAY "HIT IT."

THEY DO WHEN THE SENTENCE BEFORE "HIT IT" IS "GET READY TO HIT THE BRAKES SO WE CAN SURPRISE HIM."

...

YOU SAID, "HIT IT."

SPRRT

I'LL SHUT DOWN THE WEBWARE TRANSMISSION SIGNAL AND LOCK UP PARKER'S NETWORK.

LOOK FOR MYSTERIO. NO WAY IT WAS THAT EASY--

BLOOD ISN'T LIKE COKE, RIGHT? I JUST GOT THIS PAINT JOB--

KRISHH

DEADPOOL!

OH, ALL RIGHT! IT'S PROBABLY A STUPID ROBOT OR SOMETHING ANYWAY!

TIKTAK

WHY DID I JUST SPEND FIVE MINUTES IN ABJECT TERROR?

MYSTERIO HACKED THE WEBWARE NETWORK AND REVERSED THE INFORMATION FLOW.

IT'S CONTAINED, BUT RUN A FULL SYSTEMS CHECK, PREP EMERGENCY RESPONSE AND DON'T EVEN MENTION P.R. TO ME.

WADE, LOCK AND LOAD OR WHATEVER YOU DO BEFORE YOU GO INTO BATTLE.

IF I KNOW MYSTERIO, THINGS ARE ABOUT TO GET VERY...

...WEIRD.

IS THAT REALLY BECK? OH, MY GOD...

DARN IT...

I REALLY DIDN'T WANT TO &%#^* KILL ANYONE TODAY.

=GRRGL=

I THINK-- FOUR FIVE-- WE GOT HIM-- EIGHT NINE--

IF YOU HAVE, LIKE, A FULL BODY BAND-AID IN YOUR LITTLE BRACELETS, NOW WOULD BE A GREAT TIME.

THE WHOLE LAB WAS RIGGED WITH FEAR-INDUCING CHEMICALS, ILLUSIONS, THE WORKS. BECK WAS PREPARED FOR A HELL OF A FIGHT.

WELL...WE SURE SHOWED HIM, DIDN'T WE? WHO NEEDS POWERS WHEN YOU CAN JUST DROP CARS ON SUPER VILLAINS?

THE MEDICS SAID YOU SAVED HIS LIFE.

HE HAD THAI FOOD FOR LUNCH SO CPR WAS LIKE CURRIED PEPPER... I DON'T KNOW...A THAI R-THING--

ROTI?

THOUGHT THAT WAS INDIAN.

A BUNCH OF CUISINES USE IT.

YOU'RE WELL TRAVELED.

WADE... YOU SAVED MYSTERIO'S LIFE.

BDEET

IF YOU QUICKCHATTED ME A SHOT OF YOUR JUNK IT'S GONNA RUIN THIS MOMENT--

OH, IT'S JUST A NUMBER.

EASIER THAN HUGGING STRANGERS. CALL ME SOMETIME.

WILL DO...WITH A BILL FOR YOUR BOSS. I JUST SPENT AN HOUR OF MY LIFE SAVING HIS STUPID BUSINESS.

GIVE HIM A GOOD RATE. P.S. NICE JOB RESTORING THE SPIDER-BUGGY.

DEAD-BUGGY. AND IF THERE EVER WAS A SPIDER-BUGGY I'M SURE YOU COPIED THE IDEA FROM ME.

MEANWHILE, WHILE YOU SWING OFF INTO THE SUNSET AND P.I.'S SECURITY IS DOWN...

I HAVE A FEW MINUTES TO SNOOP AROUND AND DIG ME SOME DIRT.

MR. MYSTERIOUS EMPLOYER DROPPED SOME INTEL ABOUT THIS VERY BUILDING, SO...

VRRRRRRRRRRM

SPANK MY FANNY AND CALL ME A RUMP ROAST...

MISTER PARKER! W-WE SAW THERE WAS A DISTURBANCE.

I ASSURE YOU--

THAT ISN'T PARKER.

NO... NO, I'M NOT.

LOCKDOWN!

DON'T FRET, NERDS. I'M JUST THE HEALTH INSPECTOR. ARE WE ALL WASHING FOR 30 SECONDS?

ALERT PARKER! WE HAVE BEEN--OH, GOD...THAT'S DEADPOOL...

OH, NO... YOU FELLAS SEEM TO HAVE A FEW MINOR VIOLATIONS. NO SNEEZE GUARD ON THE SALAD BAR...

THAT INTESTINE-STRETCHER DOESN'T LOOK PROPERLY SANITIZED...

AND ALL OF YOUR GUINEA PIGS APPEAR TO BE OF THE UNWILLING-HUMAN VARIETY.

I'M GONNA HAVE TO CITE YOU FOR THAT ONE. SORRY.

OVERRIDE SAFETY PROTOCOLS! FIRE AT WILL! *FIRE AT WILL!*

I'M GONNA GET TO THAT... FIRST I'M GONNA *FLAY* AT WILL... *CHOP* AT WILL.

IF YOU GROW FAINT AT THE SIGHT OF YOUR OWN PARTS HITTING THE FLOOR, I SUGGEST YOU SHOOT YOURSELF IN THE HEAD IMMEDIATELY.

BUT REALLY I HOPE YOU DON'T.

YEAAAAAGH!

YEAH, SORRY. NORMALLY I MAKE MORE JOKES BEFORE THE AMPUTATIONS START. I'LL MAKE IT UP TO YOU...

...GOTTA MAKE A CALL FIRST. VOICE DIAL...

BEEP

"CLIENT *PATIENT ZERO.*"

"SPEAK."

"YEAH, HI...DEADPOOL. SORRY FOR THE NOISE. I'M MAKING A LOT OF GUYS WISH THEY'D NEVER BEEN BORN."

"I DID NOT EXPECT TO HEAR FROM YOU. HAVE YOU CONSIDERED MY REQUEST...?"

YEAH. I'M IN. ALL IN.

THANK YOU...I CAN'T-- THANK YOU.

SERIOUSLY? IT'LL BE MY PLEASURE PUTTING PARKER IN THE GROUND.

HAVE A NICE DAY.

END OF ISSUE #2.

YOU WANT TO KNOW WHAT HAPPENS *NEXT?*

#3

SPIDER-MAN®/ DEADPOOL®

003 MARVEL

KELLY
McGUINNESS
MORALES
KEITH

MARVEL COMICS BEGRUDGINGLY PRESENTS...

PETER PARKER WAS BITTEN BY AN IRRADIATED SPIDER, GRANTING HIM AMAZING ABILITIES, INCLUDING THE PROPORTIONAL SPEED, STRENGTH AND AGILITY OF A SPIDER, AS WELL AS ADHESIVE FINGERTIPS AND TOES. AFTER LEARNING THAT WITH GREAT POWER, THERE MUST ALSO COME GREAT RESPONSIBILITY, HE BECAME THE WORLD'S GREATEST SUPER HERO! HE'S...

The AMAZING SPIDER-MAN

AVENGER...ASSASSIN...SUPERSTAR! WADE WILSON WAS CHOSEN FOR A TOP-SECRET GOVERNMENT PROGRAM THAT GAVE HIM A HEALING FACTOR THAT ALLOWS HIM TO HEAL FROM ANY WOUND. DESPITE EARNING A SMALL FORTUNE AS A GUN FOR HIRE, WADE HAS BECOME THE WORLD'S MOST BELOVED HERO AND IS THE STAR OF THE WORLD'S GREATEST COMIC MAGAZINE (NO MATTER WHAT THAT JERK IN THE WEBS MAY THINK). CALL HIM THE MERC WITH THE MOUTH...CALL HIM THE REGENERATIN' DEGENERATE...CALL HIM...

DEADPOOL

LAST TIME:

IF THIS IS YOUR FIRST ISSUE OF SPIDER-MAN/DEADPOOL, WELCOME! YOU CAME LATE TO THE PARTY, BUT WE STILL LOVE YOU AND ACCEPT YOU TO OUR BOSOM WITH OPEN BOSOMS.

NEXT TIME WE DO A #1, BUY THREE SO YOU DON'T FIND YOURSELF IN THIS SITUATION AGAIN.

IF YOU SEEK TO LOSE YOURSELF IN OUR EPIC TALE YET YOU CANNOT BORROW COPIES OF ISSUES ONE AND TWO FROM A FRIEND OR COLLEAGUE, THE FOLLOWING ANNOUNCEMENTS ARE FOR YOU:

- DEADPOOL AND SPIDEY DO NOT GET ALONG EXTREMELY WELL! (SPIDEY SORT OF HATES DEADPOOL...)
- A MYSTERY PLAYER HAS HIRED DEADPOOL TO KILL PETER PARKER!
- MYSTERIO SUCCESSFULLY TOOK OVER NEW YORK USING PARKER INDUSTRIES TECH TO GENERATE A MASS HALLUCINATION. SO DEADPOOL HIT HIM WITH HIS CAR! HEROIC!
- HE'S NOT ALL BAD, THOUGH. DEADPOOL SAVED MYSTERIO'S LIFE, AND SPIDEY HAS BEGUN TO THINK DIFFERENTLY ABOUT THE MERC.

BEWARE PIRACY! SAY NO TO TORRENTS AND BURN THE WITCHES WHO CRAFT COUNTERFEIT COMICS! AND NOW...ENJOY THE SWEET TASTE OF AUTHENTICITY.

ISN'T IT BROMANTIC? PART three

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"IT'S NOTHING SHORT OF A MIRACLE, REALLY. FIFTY-THREE BONES SHATTERED, PUNCTURED LUNG. SPLEEN. HEAD TRAUMA.

"WHETHER OR NOT HE DESERVES IT..."

QUENTIN BECK GETS A SECOND CHANCE AT LIFE.

AND IT REALLY *IS* BECK ACCORDING TO THE DNA CROSS-REF WITH INTERPOL, THE FBI, NEW YORK STATE AND THE BOY SCOUTS. PERFECT MATCH.

NOT AN ILLUSION, NOT A DREAM... *MYSTERIO* IS DOWN.

I HEAR DEADPOOL SAVED HIS LIFE.

HE ALSO ACCIDENTALLY RAN HIM OVER WITH A WEAPONIZED DUNE BUGGY.

NOT A FAN?

NEVER GAVE HIM MUCH THOUGHT. DO YOU KNOW I INVENTED THESE MED-SCANNERS? DO YOU LIKE SCIENCE, DOCTOR--?

DANDYGRAM!

GOT THE COMA BLUES? DR. DEADPOOL HAS JUST THE CURE FOR YOU!

I'M GONNA PLAY THAT SHIA LABEOUF *"JUST DO IT!"* MEME UNTIL YOU WAKE UP AND RIP YOUR OWN EARS OFF--

UHH... LIKE, PETER PARKER.

DEADPOOL... OR DO YOU PREFER MR. POOL? HEH.

...

YEAH, NO, BRUH. JUST DEADPOOL.

OH. MY. GOSH! NO ONE IS EVER GOING TO BELIEVE THIS!

WHY IS HE LOOKING AT ME SO WEIRD? DOES HE KNOW? HE KNOWS.

HE CAN'T KNOW. HE'S DEADPOOL! HE'S AN IDIOT!

P.S. THANKS FOR COMING IN JUST AS I WAS GOING TO ASK THE DOCTOR OUT FOR DINNER, YOU MORON.

THAT NURSE IS HOT.

SHE'S A DOCTOR.

A NURSE DOCTOR? THAT'S SILLY.

SO, ARE WE KILLING PARKER NOW OR LATER? AND AS AN ADDENDUM, WILL WE HAVE TO KILL THE NURSE TOO?

I AM SO SEXIST. AND NO. PROBABLY NOT. MAYBE.

SO, YOU WERE ABOUT TO THANK ME FOR CLOCKING MYSTERIO WITH MY BOSS DEAD-BUGGY?

FOR SAVING NEW YORK, ACTUALLY...

IS A *"DEAD-BUGGY"* ANYTHING LIKE A SPIDER-BUGGY BUT WITH A DIFFERENT PAINT JOB?

YOU'RE FUNNY. MUST BE THE THIN AIR UP IN YOUR IVORY TOWER.

EXCUSE ME?

SORRY. I DIGRESS. LET ME GET TO THE POINT--

EASY THERE, KILLER. NO TOUCHY THE BOSS WITHOUT A HEALTHY DOSE OF HAND SANITIZER!

I KNOW WHERE YOUR HANDS HAVE BEEN.

HEY...SPIDEY-ER-MAN. I TOTALLY KNEW YOU WERE THERE BUT YOUR BOSS IS SO CAPTIVATING WITH HIS WORDS AND STUFF.

SAY FRICTION AGAIN, SLOWER AND IN A SEXY *"MOST INTERESTING MAN IN THE WORLD"* VOICE.

SOMEHOW I DOUBT THAT... ANYWAY--

--THIS IS GOOD TIMING. SPIDER-MAN WAS TELLING ME ABOUT YOUR PAST...FRICTION--

HE WAS WONDERING WHETHER OR NOT YOU'D REALLY CHANGED.

IF YOU REALLY DID TURN OVER A NEW LEAF, WELL...I THINK IT WOULD BE WORTH A LOOK.

YOU TWO SHOULD HANG OUT.

YEAHHHHH... YUP. LIKE, CHILL.

THIS IS FOR REAL? NOT LIKE "MY STUCK-UP BOSS (NO OFFENSE) GAVE ME A BOOT-LICKING ASSIGNMENT (NO OFFENSE) TO HANG WITH A MUCH COOLER HERO (NO OFFENSE)"?

FOR REAL.

HISTORY IN THE MAKING! LET'S CAPTURE THE MOMENT!

HEY, DOC, SINCE EVERYONE'S MAKING PLANS--

MARRIED. SORRY. SMILE!

*WELCOME TO **YOUR** HANDY CHARACTER CHART, NAVIGATING THE WORLD OF SPIDEY-POOL--*

*PETER PARKER **IS** ACTUALLY SPIDER-MAN. **BUT...***

HOBIE BROWN POSES AS SPIDEY ON OCCASION SO PETE AND SPIDEY CAN BE IN THE SAME ROOM TOGETHER...

*DEADPOOL WAS WEARING A MASK **OVER** HIS MASK PAYING HOMAGE TO CLOWN DOCTORS EVERYWHERE.*

THIS DOCTOR WILL NEVER BE SEEN AGAIN, BUT SHE IS HAPPILY MARRIED.

ONE DAY, MANY PREPARATIONS AND MORE THAN A FEW BOYISH SQUEALS LATER...

YOU WANT TO GET TO KNOW THE REAL ME?! DOWN BENEATH THE SEXY AND THE MUSCLES AND THE PERFECT BONE STRUCTURE--YOU'RE GONNA GET IT.

WELCOME TO *DEADPOOL FOR A DAY!* WHAT I DO, YOU DO!

ASIDE FROM DOO-DOO, WHICH I'M SURE YOU DO TOO, BUT THAT'S NOT ON THE MENU, SO YOU DO YOU AND I'LL DO DOO--

THERE WILL BE RULES.

DO WE GET TO PICK OUR OWN SAFE WORDS? MINE'S "DO IT AGAIN."

I GOT YOU A PRESENT. MADE IT MYSELF.

I CAN'T TELL YOU HOW MANY TIMES I'VE BEEN SHOT ON A FIRST DATE--

THUNT

YOU EARNED A SECOND CHANCE WITH ME AFTER THE MYSTERIO INCIDENT...

BUT I'M NOT AN IDIOT.

ONLY WAY I'M GONNA BE PERSUADED YOU'VE CHANGED IS 110% TRUTH.

CAN WE AGREE ON *"TRUTHINESS"*?

I'LL GET OUT HERE--

KIDDING! I KID! TRUTH IS NOT A PROBLEM--

FFFT

FOR THE LOVE OF BLUE IVY!

WITHOUT GETTING TECHNICAL, IT'S A *LIE DETECTOR* BUILT INTO A SPIDER-TRACER.

WE SHOULD HAVE DONE THIS A LOT SOONER. I'M ALREADY SMILING.

YEAH. THIS IS PERF-- *FFFCHHH!*

A JARRING TRANSITION AND CALAMITOUS EIGHTEEN MINUTES LATER...

KIDS ARE REALLY UNAPPRECIATIVE.

DEADPOOLS DOLLARS FOR ALMOST DEADKIDS

UN-FREAKING-BELIEVABLE.

I HOPE THIS DOESN'T COME AS TOO MUCH OF A SHOCK, BUT WE'RE DONE HERE--

AND YES, I USED "SHOCK" ON PURPOSE TO RUB IT IN.

WAIT! ON THE REALS...DID I ARRANGE A CHARITY EVENT TO IMPRESS YOU AND LIE THAT THIS IS THE NORM? YES. TRUTH. IT WAS NOT MY FINEST HOUR.

BUT YOU PUT ME UNDER A LOT OF PRESSURE WITH THE ZAPPY TRUTH THING AND ALL OF YOUR PIERCING QUESTIONS!

I ONLY GOT TO ASK "WHAT'S YOUR FAVORITE COLOR?" BEFORE THE *THWIP* HIT THE FAN.

WHY'S IT GOT TO BE ABOUT COLOR, MAN?

I'LL EVEN STILL WEAR YOUR EVIL BROOCH OF TRUTH...BUT YOU HAVE TO COME WITH ME TO WORK.

GLAD TO SEE YOU TOOK THIS SO SERIOUSLY, WADE.

I DO! I AM! IT'S JUST... HARD...

YOU WANT TO SEE THE REAL ME, FINE. NO FAKE CHARITY SHOW. NO B.S. JUST *ME*.

WHERE?

A HYPERSONIC FLIGHT TO BOLIVIA ON DEADPOOL'S WICKED-COOL DEAD-JET LATER...

YOU KNOW, I'M AN ENTREPRENEUR. WHEN I'M NOT SELLING URINAL PUCKS WITH THE HULK'S FACE ON THEM I HAVE A CREW OF GUYS WHO TAKE ON GIGS, SPREADING GOOD ACROSS THE GLOBE...

DEADPOOL'S MERCS FOR MONEY! T.M.

(PATENT PENDING.)

TODAY, MY ELITE TEAM OF LOVABLE BUT DEADLY BUT STILL PRETTY MUCH GOOD GUYS ARE ON MISSION IN THE HEART OF BOLIVIA.

A SMALL CITY DOWN THERE HAS BEEN SET UPON BY AN OPPRESSIVE RELIGIOUS GROUP, HEAVILY ARMED...

...AND THIS ISN'T EVEN TEXAS, CAN YOU BELIEVE THAT?

THE "*CULT OF ENTROPY*" AND THEY LITERALLY WANT NOTHING BUT TO SALT THE EARTH WHEREVER THEY GO. IT'S A KIND OF CRAZY *EVEN I* DON'T SEE THE HUMOR IN.

THIS IS A REMOTE AREA THAT THE GOVERNMENT DOESN'T CARE ABOUT, SO THE PEOPLE HERE NEED A DIFFERENT KIND OF HELP.

WE'RE USING THE RUBBER BULLETS, RIGHT? NON-LETHAL?

THIS IS *INSANE!* THERE'S HUNDREDS OF THEM!

SO YOU'RE SAYING WE *SHOULD* BE USING LIVE AMMO--?

I DID NOT SAY THAT!

NEITHER DID I.

DEADPOOL'S BEEN A PLEASURE TO WORK WITH. A TRUE LEADER.

I'M PROUD TO CALL HIM A FRIEND.

THANK YOU FOR THAT UNSOLICITED TESTIMONY, STINGRAY--

I KNOW HE'S HAD HIS ISSUES IN THE PAST, BUT WHO HASN'T? WORD ON THE STREET IS EVEN *YOU* WEREN'T YOURSELF FOR A WHILE.

DP'S TURNED AROUND A BUNCH OF LIVES... ESPECIALLY MINE.

YEAH... GUYS, CAN WE FOCUS ON THE MANIAC ARMY, PLEASE--?

I--*UH*--I HAVE A PURPOSE. I HAVE FOUND A CALLING. WORKING FOR DEADPOOL FILLS ME WITH PROBES--

PRIDE! HE MEANT "*PRIDE.*"

SORRY, MY ARM GOT SWEATY.

I CAN SEE WHAT YOU'RE ALL DOING HERE. YOU CAN STOP--

HAS HE TOLD YOU ABOUT THE FOUNDATION FOR SICK KIDS--?

IXNAY ON THE IDSKAY!

MIGHT AS WELL GET THROUGH THE TESTIMONIAL... YOU GOT ANYTHING TO ADD, REHAB OBNOXIO?

SOMETIMES I CAN'T TELL IF THE VOICES IN MY HEAD ARE FROM THE CAT PLANET OR IF THE VEGETABLE KING IS CALLING ME HOME TO MARRY HIS DAUGHTER BROCCOLINI...

AND DEADPOOL IS DANK.

IS HE PAYING YOU TO SAY ALL THIS?

BY THE WORD. CALABASAS!

NO, I'M--

ZAP

GAZZKT!

AND FINALLY... LAY IT ON ME, DIME-STORE DEADPOOL.

EN ACTUALIDAD, SEÑOR, ME LLAMO MASACRE. COSÍ MI UNIFORME A MANO EN HONOR DE DEADPOOL.

Y MIENTRAS QUE ÉL NOS HA OFRECIDO EL PAGO PARA HABLAR EN SU NOMBRE, ESTE TESTIMONIO YO DOY LIBREMENTE.

DEADPOOL NO ES UN GRAN HOMBRE. APENAS ES UN HOMBRE BUENO... PERO ÉL TRATA.

QUIZÁS, SI PONES TUS CRITICAS AL LADO... ÉL TE PUEDE SORPRENDER.

...

WITH ME, WALL-CRAWLER AND SPANDEX-STUFFER! MERCS! HANDLE THE LIGHT WORK!

MISTER SPIDEY AND I ARE GONNA FIGURATIVELY CUT OFF THE HEAD OF THIS BEAST! *KI-YAAH!*

THAT HORSE IS NOT NORMALLY PART OF THE OPERATION, IS IT?

AY GENTE QUE AMAN DEMASIADO. SOLO... MANTENGA UNA MENTE ABIERTA.

SO, ARE YOU GROOVING ON MY JAMS YET?

A VILLAGE OF HUMBLE FARMERS HIRES A BUNCH OF ODDBALL HEROES TO PROTECT THEM AGAINST IMPOSSIBLE ODDS!

I'M *YOJIMBOING* ALL OVER THIS JOINT!

YOU MEAN *SEVEN SAMURAI.*

THERE ARE *EIGHT* OF US. *YOJIMBO* IS "*EIGHT*" IN JAPANESE, I'M SURE. IT WAS A SEQUEL.

I REALLY SHOULD HAVE PUT A STUPIDITY SENSOR IN THAT WEB-TRACKER.

SLOW DOWN, DEADPOOL! MY SPIDER-SENSE-- *WHOA!!!*

SCHAFT

THIS WAS NOT IN YOJIMBO!

NO WORRIES. STUCK THE LANDING. NEXT, WE STICK IT TO--

HAVE YOU HEARD THE GOOD WORD, CHILDREN?

THE WORLD HAS ALREADY ENDED. YOU CAN LAY DOWN YOUR ARMS AND REST.

LET STYX AND STONE GUIDE YOU TO THE ETERNAL NOTHING.

I'VE RUN INTO THESE CHUCKLE-HEADS BEFORE. WEREN'T QUITE AS SCREAM-O... OR BACKED BY A CULT.

SOME PEOPLE MAKE POOR LIFE CHOICES. I BET IT'S SPELLED S-T-Y-X INSTEAD OF 'STICKS'. IS IT? THAT'S A SIGN.

FIGHTING SO MANY HAND JOKES RIGHT NOW. SO MANY.

AND HERE I WAS SURE YOU'D BE CRYING FOR VENGEANCE FOR YOUR HORSE.

WHAT HORSE?

GO FOR THE BIG GUY. I'LL GO FOR MR. STINKFINGER.

WITH HANDS LIKE THOSE I WOULD HAVE POINTED YOU TOWARDS PIANO OR COUCH CRACK EXCAVATOR IF I WAS YOUR GUIDANCE COUNSELOR.

OR BOTH. A WITHERED OLD PIANIST FISHING BETWEEN THE CUSHIONS FOR HIS NUTS.

UNBELIEVERS ALL MAKE JEST IN THE COLD OF THE BLACK SUN...

...AND EVENTUALLY FIND NOTHING BUT SILENCE.

I'LL GIVE YOU THIS. YOU GOT THE CREEPY RAP OF A RELIGIOUS FANATIC DOWN PAT.

POLITICIAN WOULD HAVE BEEN ANOTHER JOB OPTION.

WEBS ARE HOLDING, 'POOL. I THINK HIS GROSSNESS ONLY WORKS ON ORGANICS.

THAT'S ACADEMICALLY INTERESTING. SO IS THIS FUN FACT...

SECOND RATE *THING* TURNS KEVLAR INTO CONCRETE.

ALL TURNS TO DUST IN THE END.

INCOMING!

EXHILARATING AS YOUR ATTACK MAY BE, SURELY THE GREAT SPIDER-MAN KNOWS THAT IT WILL BE FRUITLESS...

...ALL THINGS DIE. THE UNIVERSE IS MEANINGLESS.

YEAAAARGH!

AND WE'VE GOT A POWER COUPLE. ONE DISSOLVES ORGANICS. THE OTHER DOES THE REST.

SHLUNKT

YOU CAN HEAL FROM HAVING YOUR GUTS ROTTED OUT, RIGHT?

HEAL HEALHEAL HEAL!

WE NEED TO FALL BACK...

BECAUSE TO BE CLEAR, EVEN THOUGH THEY ARE CREEPY AS HELL AND CAPABLE OF TURNING US INTO MULCH, WE'RE NOT JUST KILLING THEM?

YOU GOT IT, BUCKO.

AS A NEWLY MINTED HERO I HAVE TO SAY THAT'S A STUPID IDEA. JUST SAYIN'.

BADOOM

WATCH OUT! THERE ARE INNOCENTS IN-- HERE?

THIS IS A *DRUG LAB!* ARE WE PROTECTING A *DRUG CARTEL?*

IF I SAID "*THEIR CHECK CLEARED*" THAT WOULD NOT BE A SUITABLE ANSWER, WOULD IT?

YOU KNEW!

I KNEW THAT THE MERCADO FAMILY FARM WAS HAVING SOME TROUBLE...

I DID NOT KNOW IT WAS STYX AND STONE--

THWIP

THWIP

OH, I GET IT!!! STYX AND STONE! THAT'S NOT FUNNY.

WE'RE FIGHTING FOR DRUG DEALERS!

REALLY--? GEEZ, DUDE, OPEN YOUR EYES...

MOVE-- AAARRGH!!!

YOU STOLE MY PIRATE YELL! *MOTHER %*&#%$!*

THIS LAND HAS ALREADY ROTTEN BENEATH YOUR FEET. WHY FIGHT TO PROTECT IT?

THEY POISON THEMSELVES. YOUR LANDS. THE EARTH... LET US WIPE IT ALL AWAY AND START ANEW.

PHILOSOPHICALLY YOU HAVE A POINT, BUT AS YOU MAY HAVE HEARD, *"THE CHECK CLEARED--"*

HE'S GOIN' FOR ANOTHER POKE!

IT'S IMPOLITE TO POINT!

AND I AM ABOUT TO HAVE A MORAL HIGH HORSE MOMENT, SO BACK OFF!!!

SWITCH PARTNERS!

WE'RE NOT HERE HELPING SCARFACE OR PABLO ESCOBAR. LOOK AT THESE PEOPLE--

--IT'S COOK DRUGS OR GET SHOT FOR HALF OF THEM. THEN IT'S GET SHOT OR FARM DRUGS FOR THE OTHER HALF.

WE DON'T ALL GET TO BE WHITE GUYS IN AMERICA. WHAT THEY'RE DOING IS FOR THEIR OWN SURVIVAL.

I DON'T KNOW WHAT'S MORE DEPRESSING... *THAT...*

...OR THE FACT YOU HAVE AN ARTICULATE GRASP OF A COMPLEX SITUATION.

RIDDLE FOR ANOTHER TIME. PLAN?

YES...

NORMALLY THAT'S THE RALLYING CRY FOR A HELL OF A PARTY...

...BUT I DON'T THINK THAT'S WHERE YOU'RE HEADING.

ENTROPY IS A BASIC PRINCIPLE OF THE UNIVERSE, SURE I SEE THE ATTRACTION...

HNNGH

...BUT IT TAKES *EONS*, AND IT AIN'T HALF AS STRONG AS *HOPE*. MY PHILOSOPHY OF CHOICE.

NOT SO MUCH INTO MORALITY AS MUCH AS STABBING, BUT WHAT HE SAID.

WHY AREN'T YOU DEAD YET?! MY TOUCH SENDS ALL TO THEIR END!

BECAUSE HEALING FACTOR...BUT IF IT HELPS YOUR EGO, YOUR FINGER ACTION HURTS ME.

ABOMINATION!

STONE! HELP!

SORRY, BUT STONE CAN'T COME TO THE FIGHT RIGHT NOW BECAUSE I JUST DOUSED HIM IN SODIUM HYDROXIDE SOLUTION--

KTHOK

--WHICH DOES A NICE JOB NEUTRALIZING PESKY ACIDIC DEATH-TOUCHES, AT LEAST LONG ENOUGH FOR A--

DOUBLE HERO K.O.!!!

WE...WE ARE UNDONE, STONE. RETREAT...

WHAT A BUNCH OF NAMBY PAMBYS... ONE BONE SHATTERING PUNCH AND THEY'RE BACK TO THE CULT-CLUBHOUSE.

WE GONNA CHASE--? OH... WADE...

YEAH. I CALL THIS MY SWISS CHEESE LOOK...DON'T WORRY. HEALING FACTOR'S WORKING... BASICALLY...

WE COULD MAYBE SCORE SOME OF THEIR PRODUCT--?

THEN I NEED HELP...

YOU THINK THEY'RE GONNA KEEP DOING WHAT THEY'RE DOING?

PROBABLY. NOT MY BUSINESS. I DON'T HAVE THE POWER TO CHANGE ALL OF BOLIVIA, FOR PITY'S SAKE...

IT WOULD TAKE SOMEONE WITH A BUTT-TON OF MONEY AND POWER TO DO SOME REAL WORK DOWN HERE.

IT WOULD BE COOL IF WE KNEW SOMEONE LIKE THAT...TONY STARK?

HE'S BROKE-ASS POOR. P.S. MY MERCS HAVE THE CULT WRAPPED UP, THANKS FOR ASKING.

GOOD. CAN WE GO HOME NOW?

ALMOST.

ALMOST?

YEAH, IT'S THURSDAY, *DUH*.

DO I WANT TO KNOW WHAT THURSDAY MEANS?

A PAGE TURN AND ONE HYPERSONIC FLIGHT FROM BOLIVIA LATER...

WHOA. I'M NOT GETTING ANY SIGNALS IN OR OUT, HERE. GPS, WEB, AND SATELLITE WENT WONKY AT THE FENCE--

JAMMED. THIS PLACE DOESN'T EXIST ELECTRONICALLY. FROM SPACE ALL YOU SEE IS A CRAPPY ROOF MISSING A FEW SHINGLES.

LAST STOP ON THE TOUR.

LET ME GUESS...SUPER-MERC SPEAKEASY? ALIEN STRIP CLUB?

I LEARNED IT FROM YOU, DAD.

YOU GOT A DIRTY MIND.

HEH. YOU DON'T KNOW HOW FUNNY THAT IS.

THERE SHE IS. RIGHT ON TIME. SHE DOESN'T EVEN USE A WATCH...

SERIOUSLY? YOU'RE BOOKENDING THIS CLUSTER-FIESTA WITH KIDS AND PUPPIES?

I THOUGHT WE WERE TRYING THE TRUTH ON FOR SIZE--

DADDY?

SAYWHAT NOWLITTLE GIRL?

HEY, ELLIE-BELLY.

HOW WAS YOUR WEEK?

I GOT AN 'A' IN SOCIAL STUDIES AND BRIAN THREW SPAGHETTI IN MY HAIR BUT I DIDN'T STAB HIM EVEN THOUGH I WANTED TO AND THE NEW *SQUIRREL GIRL* COMES ON TONIGHT--CAN I WATCH IT?

HEH, SURE. AFTER ICE CREAM DINNER...FIRST I WANT YOU TO MEET SOMEONE.

WADE, DON'T--

UNCLE SPIDEY?!

YEAH. UNCLE SPIDEY, THIS DYNAMO-IN-TRAINING IS ELLIE.

MY DAUGHTER.

NICE TO MEET YOU, ELLIE--

YOU KNOW WHO I AM, SILLY! DADDY TALKS ABOUT YOU ALL THE TIME!

DID HE TELL YOU I GOT A MEDAL FOR SWIMMING LAST WEEK?

...

YEAH. HE DID. GOOD JOB.

HOW WAS WORK TODAY, DADDY?

OH, IT WAS AN EPIC UNICORN BATTLE. RAINBOW CANNONS. THERE WAS A FAIRY AIR FORCE BATTALION INVOLVED TOO, BUT THEY LIKE TO BE CALLED *"AIR ELVES"* NOW...

HE NEVER TELLS ME THE TRUTH ABOUT HIS FIGHTS, UNCLE SPIDEY. HE THINKS I CAN'T HANDLE IT.

DADDY LOVES YOU! HE SAYS THAT YOU'RE BEST FRIENDS AND CAPTAIN AMERICA COULDN'T CLEAN YOUR WEB-SHOOTERS-- ***MMF!***

--AH, KIDS! CAN'T YOU JUST EAT THEM UP? *HEH.*

THIS WAS A BAD IDEA.

GO GET YOUR BUBBLE BATH ON AND IF WE HAVE TIME WE CAN WATCH MORE OF *DRAG ME TO HELL* BEFORE BED.

...

DON'T COVER YOUR EYES AT THE SCARY PARTS! BYE, UNCLE SPIDEY!

I DIDN'T KNOW ABOUT HER FOR A LONG TIME AND THEN, POOF. INSTA-DAUGHTER...

NO ONE KNOWS.

ELLIE STAYS HERE, SAFE...UNTIL I STOP PLAYING THE DUMB ASS AND TURN INTO A REAL BOY. MAYBE THEN I'LL BE DADPOOL...

IS IT THAT IMPOSSIBLE?

"PEOPLE CHANGE.

"YOU WENT FROM HERO OF THE STREETS TO CORPORATE SHILL. I'M A FATHER.

"THE WORLD'S %&#^$ WEIRD, WHAT DO YOU WANT ME TO TELL YOU?

"I HAD A GOOD DAY.

"HOPE I PASSED YOUR JUDGY TEST OF MY CHARACTER OR WHATEVER."

JUST WHEN YOU THINK YOU KNOW A GUY YOU HATE...

"YO."

"WHY ARE YOU WHISPERING?"

"BECAUSE I DON'T WANT TO WAKE UP THE DOZEN PLAYBOY BUNNIES I JUST TIRED OUT...

"HOW'D THE SPIDER-SCAN GO, FOOLKILLER?"

"PERFECTION. WE GOT EVERY NEURAL IMPULSE AND MUSCULAR TWITCH DURING YOUR RUMBLE IN THE JUNGLE--"

"AND HE'S AS AMAZING AS HIS P.R. SUGGESTS."

"YES. CAN'T SNEAK UP ON HIM. CAN'T ZOOM PAST HIM UNSEEN. HE'LL SENSE A SNIPER SHOT.

"IN SHORT, YOU CAN'T KILL PETER PARKER WITHOUT TAKING HIM OUT FIRST."

"THANKS, BUT I GOT IT FIGURED OUT."

"SILVER BULLET? INVISIBILITY CLOAK? ANTI-SPIDER-SPRAY? WHAT'S GONNA GET YOU PAST SPIDER-MAN?"

"FRIENDSHIP."

HOW MUCH MONEY DO YOU THINK IT TAKES TO PROTECT A PROVINCE IN BOLIVIA?

IT'S 3 A.M. ARE YOU SERIOUS?

I'M THINKING ABOUT DIVERTING THE FOCUS OF THE UNCLE BEN FOUNDATION TO AREAS IN THE GRIP OF THE NARCO-ECONOMY--

SLOW DOWN! THERE'S A LOT OF VARIABLES AND--⇢SIGH⇠ WITHOUT EVEN KNOWING WHAT THE HELL YOU DID TODAY TO ASK ME SUCH A QUESTION, DO YOU WANT TO KNOW WHAT I THINK?

THE TRUTH AND NOTHING BUT.

SOME PEOPLE... LIVE A CERTAIN WAY FOR SO LONG THAT I DON'T KNOW THAT THEY WOULD KNOW WHAT TO DO WITH A SECOND CHANCE IF IT WAS HANDED TO THEM ON A SILVER PLATTER.

HOW MUCH MONEY DOES IT TAKE TO CHANGE A VILLAGE? MAYBE NOT ENOUGH.

WE'LL START WITH THREE MILLION.

IT'S A BETTER HOBBY THAN CARS. I HATE GUYS WHO SPEND MONEY ON CARS.

THINK IT'LL MAKE A DIFFERENCE?

I THINK THAT WHEN YOU GIVE PEOPLE A CHANCE TO CHANGE FOR THE BETTER...THEY'LL TAKE IT.

"EVEN THE WORST OF THEM."

REST EASY, TRAVELLER.

YOU'RE NOT OUT OF THE GAME YET.

TO BE CONTINUED.

YOU WANT TO KNOW WHAT HAPPENS *NEXT?*

#4

SPIDER-MAN®/
DEADPOOL®

004 MARVEL

KELLY
McGUINNESS
MORALES
KEITH

LOOTER

LOOTERS

COLA

CALL ME 555-0666

MARVEL COMICS BEGRUDGINGLY PRESENTS...

PETER PARKER WAS BITTEN BY AN IRRADIATED SPIDER, GRANTING HIM AMAZING ABILITIES, INCLUDING THE PROPORTIONAL SPEED, STRENGTH AND AGILITY OF A SPIDER, AS WELL AS ADHESIVE FINGERTIPS AND TOES. AFTER LEARNING THAT WITH GREAT POWER, THERE MUST ALSO COME GREAT RESPONSIBILITY, HE BECAME THE WORLD'S GREATEST SUPER HERO! HE'S...

The AMAZING SPIDER-MAN

AVENGER...ASSASSIN...SUPERSTAR! WADE WILSON WAS CHOSEN FOR A TOP-SECRET GOVERNMENT PROGRAM THAT GAVE HIM A HEALING FACTOR THAT ALLOWS HIM TO HEAL FROM ANY WOUND. DESPITE EARNING A SMALL FORTUNE AS A GUN FOR HIRE, WADE HAS BECOME THE WORLD'S MOST BELOVED HERO AND IS THE STAR OF THE WORLD'S GREATEST COMIC MAGAZINE (NO MATTER WHAT THAT JERK IN THE WEBS MAY THINK). CALL HIM THE MERC WITH THE MOUTH...CALL HIM THE REGENERATIN' DEGENERATE...CALL HIM...

DEADPOOL

LAST TIME:

SPIDER-MAN AND DEADPOOL HAVE NEVER BEEN BEST FRIENDS. IN FACT, YOU COULD SAY THAT SPIDER-MAN REALLY TOTALLY HATES EVERYONE'S FAVORITE WISECRACKING MERCENARY. BUT THAT DIDN'T STOP THEM FROM TEAMING UP WHEN MYSTERIO TARGETED PARKER INDUSTRIES! THE PAIR WERE ABLE TO STOP THE FISHBOWL-HEADED VILLAIN (MAINLY BY HITTING HIM WITH A DEADPOOL-THEMED DUNE BUGGY) AND DEADPOOL EVEN PULLED HIM FROM THE BRINK OF DEATH WITH MOUTH-TO-MOUTH RESUSCITATION. IT WAS ENOUGH TO MAKE SPIDER-MAN THINK TWICE ABOUT JUST HOW BAD OF A DUDE HE THINKS DEADPOOL IS.

THINGS ARE PROBABLY GOING TO GET AKWARD WHEN SPIDER-MAN LEARNS THAT DEADPOOL'S BEEN HIRED TO KILL HIS PAL AND BOSS, PETER PARKER. IT'S GOING TO BE A BUMMER.

ISN'T IT BROMANTIC?

PART four

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CAN YOU SAY THAT AGAIN, PLEASE?

I AM NOT SAYING IT IN A SEXY VOICE--

NO, IT'S JUST LOUD WHERE I AM. PEOPLE ARE GETTING--*UM*-- *"ADJUSTED."*

FORGET I CALLED--

NO! HEAR THE MOANING? EVERYONE'S ALIVE! AVENGER'S HONOR!

SO, YOU WERE SAYING...?

SIGH

I HAVE NOTHING GOING ON TONIGHT AND PARKER HAS ME IN NEW YORK...

SO DO YOU WANT TO, LIKE, HANG OUT?

AND THIS ISN'T HAWKEYE BEING A JERK?

NO, IT'S SPIDER-MAN.

THE REAL ONE? NOT THE NEW KID OR A CLONE OR--

YES OR NO?!

I'LL TEXT YOU THE ADDRESS. WEAR COMFORTABLE SHOES.

PRINTS

1/250

SO ARE YOU *ON* NEW MEDICATION OR *OFF* OF IT?

IT'S A *SOCIAL EXPERIMENT.*

"*SOCIAL*" ISN'T YOUR FORTE AND "*EXPERIMENTS*" ARE FOR THE *LAB.*

I LIKE IT WHEN YOU GET PROTECTIVE, ANNA MARIA.

WHICH IS ALWAYS. BECAUSE FOR A GENIUS YOU'RE DUMB AS A STUMP.

YOU QUIT THE AVENGERS OVER DEADPOOL! NOW YOU'RE GONNA PLAY BOCCE WITH HIM?

WHY WOULD YOU PICK BOCCE? WE'RE NOT 65-YEAR-OLD ITALIANS--

YOU HAVE PERFECTLY GOOD FRIENDS RIGHT HERE! NONE OF WHOM HAVE KILLED ANYONE!

I MEAN, MOSTLY, I THINK.

DEADPOOL'S... CHANGING.

OH, HELL. I KNOW THAT LOOK. THAT STUPID DEER-IN-THE-MORNING-DAWN LOOK--THIS IS THE PARKER PRINCIPLE.

IT'S LIKE THE "*PETER PRINCIPLE*," ONLY MORE DISASTROUS.

THE *PARKER* PRINCIPLE IS WHEN PETER *PARKER* TRIES TO LIFT UP A PERSON WHO IS UNQUALIFIED TO BE A PERSON.

DEADPOOL IS NOT A GUY YOU CAN SAVE.

EVERYONE CAN BE SAVED.

THIS IS... NOT YOUR BEST IDEA.

AND I THINK YOU KNOW I SAY THIS WITH LOVE... GENERALLY YOU SUCK AT IDEAS, SO THAT MAKES IT WORSE.

YOU KNOW ME TOO WELL, BABE. THIS IS LESS OF A BRAINY THING AND MORE OF A GUT THING.

I'M GOOD WITH GUTS.

WE JUST PUT SAID GUTS BACK IN THEIR PROPER PLACE.

YEAH, I THINK WE MISSED A FEW BULLETS, THOUGH.

THEY'LL PASS, BUT APOLOGIES IN ADVANCE IF I BURRITO BLAST AND CRACK THE COMMODE AGAIN.

DON'T DIVERT. THIS IS A DANGEROUS GAME YOU'RE PROPOSING--

NAH! JARTS IS A DANGEROUS GAME! HEY, KIDS, CATCH THESE GIANT FUN-MISSILES OF DEATH AND LEAD.

WADE. THIS PARKER "*JOB*" IS AFFECTING YOU. DON'T THINK I HAVEN'T NOTICED YOU'RE WEARING YOUR MASK MORE AND MORE--

ALMOST OVER. I'VE CRACKED IT. I KNOW WHAT I'M DOING.

IF YOU'RE BRINGING *HER* INTO THIS, YOU MOST CERTAINLY DO *NOT* KNOW WHAT YOU'RE DOING.

YOU CAN'T ASSASSINATE PETER PARKER AND BE FRIENDS WITH SPIDER-MAN.

YOU CAN ONLY BE ONE PERSON, WADE.

BE THE ONE I FELL IN LOVE WITH AND STOP TRYING TO PLEASE ANYONE ELSE.

CAREFUL... I'M LOADED.

YOU'RE FULL OF *SOMETHING.*

ARE YOU READY FOR THE GREATEST NIGHT OF YOUR LIFE?!

I HOPE NOT, BECAUSE, SERIOUSLY, YOU SHOULD HAVE HIGHER ASPIRATIONS. STILL, I'VE GOT A FEW *YUKS* ON THE MENU.

HELLHOLE

IS THIS... IS THIS, LIKE, A CLUB?

IT'S AN *ACTUAL* CLUB! NOT THE KIND FOR BABY SEALS BUT FOR GETTIN' *TURNT UP!*

DID YOU THINK WE WERE GONNA GO PLAY BASEBALL OR SOMETHING? WE'RE ADULTS.

PLUS, THERE ARE *LADIES* IN THERE. VERY. PRETTY. LADIES.

SMELL ME. I'M DRENCHED IN *HATCHET* BODY SPRAY--

WADE, *SPIDER-MAN* CAN'T JUST GO CLUBBING! IT DOESN'T WORK THAT WAY!

AND BEFORE YOU ASK YOU'RE NOT GETTING ME OUT OF THIS MASK--

ALREADY THOUGHT OF THAT WITH MY OWN BRAIN!

I RESPECT YOUR SECRET I.D.-THING. PLUS, I DON'T WANT YOU TO RUIN YOUR REP WITH YOUR BOSS IF THINGS GET...ROWDY.

SO... *VOILA! IMAGE INDUCER!* INSTANT PRIVACY.

THIS IS REALLY ADVANCED. IT WORKS?

I USED ONE FOR YEARS. NIGHTCRAWLER, TOO. PROJECTS ALTERED VISUAL DATA INTO CEREBRAL CORTICES AND OTHER BRAINY PSEUDO-SCIENCE TERMS.

IT WORKS IF YOU WORK IT. I CAME UP WITH AN ALIAS FOR YOU, TOO...

...LEONARDO DICAPRIO!

THE ACTOR? COME ON--

NO, *OUR* LEO IS THE RESPECTABLE OWNER OF A CHAIN OF ADULT NOVELTY STORES AND A RECENT DIVORCÉE.

TRUST ME ON THAT ONE, THE LADIES *LOVE* AN INJURED BIRD. I WROTE YOU A DOSSIER...

WOW, YOU REALLY THOUGHT THIS THROUGH. ALL SO WE COULD GO *CLUBBING?*

OKAY, TRUTH TIME, I HAD AN INTERN WRITE THE PROFILE, BUT YEAH... I DID PUT SOME THOUGHT INTO THIS.

YOU CAN'T HAVE FUN IF YOU'RE WORRYING ABOUT YOUR MASK. WHAT'S THE POINT OF NON-BATTLING OFF-TIME IF WE'RE NOT HAVING FUN?

READY TO MEET YOURSELF, LEO?

YES, I--OH.

YOU DON'T LIKE THE SUIT? IT'S ON THE COVER OF *MAXIMUM.*

I...*UH*...I'M BLACK.

I KNOW! AWESOME, RIGHT? EVERYONE WANTS TO BE BLACK! BLACK IS THE NEW BLACK.

UNLESS YOU'RE RACIST...

I'M NOT RACIST! I JUST--

GOOD, BECAUSE I CAN'T STAND RACISTS.

ALSO, JENNY'S PROFILE SAYS SHE GOES NUTS FOR BLACK GUYS.

WHAT?

WHO IS JENNY?

YOUR DATE. DON'T WORRY, I GOT ONE COMING TOO. NO THIRD WHEEL BE ME!

DATES YOU *"PAID FOR"* OR, LIKE, WOMEN YOU KNOW?

AS A MARRIED MAN, I CAN HONESTLY SAY WE ALL PAY FOR IT ONE WAY OR ANOTHER--

WADE!

ARE YOU AWARE THAT YOU HAVE TRUST ISSUES? JUST ENJOY THE SUSPENSE AND BE GLAD THAT I DON'T TAKE *"BLIND DATE"* LITERALLY ANY MORE...

...FIVE TRIPS TO THE E.R. LATER.

JUST DRINK SOMETHING HARDER THAN SODIE-POP AND CHILL!

I DON'T DRINK ALCOHOL. I WANT TO KNOW WHO JENNY IS--

THOSE WORDS ARE NOT A SENTENCE. *"I DON'T DRINK ALCOHOL."*

HOW ELSE WOULD YOU BLOCK OUT THE VOICES?

SIGH

WHO. IS. JENNY?

SPIDEY, LISTEN... I KNOW THIS IS A BIG STEP. EVEN *THINKING* OF TRUSTING ME PROBABLY GAVE YOU A RASH...

BUT I'M NOT GONNA SCREW IT UP. I WANT YOU TO SEE WE COULD BE FRIENDS. MERC'S HONOR--

UM... "LEO"?

UH...

AND CUPID'S ARROW DOTH FLY LIKE A MUTHA! *BA-SHAKA-YA!*

I--NO--HI--
WHOOPS!

NO IDIOT. JUST NERVOUS. SORT OF A SHUT-IN.

SHOW HIM A GOOD TIME, AND HELP HIM *RELAX.*

LEO, IT IS MY PLEASURE TO INTRODUCE TO YOU MY PAL, *JENNY.* TRY NOT TO TELL HER SHE'S HOT.

WADE!

WHAT? I'M BEING TOTES SENSITIVE AND APPRECIATIVE OF YOUR MIND...AND ITS PERFECT CASING.

=SIGH= HEY, LEO.

TELL ME THAT YOU'RE NOT AN IDIOT LIKE MOST OF WADE'S FRIENDS.

YEAH, WADE, *UH,* IS TRYING TO GET ME OUT OF MY SHELL--

I HAVEN'T BEEN ON A DATE IN A YEAR-AND-A-HALF.

THAT'S INCONCEIVABLE.

CHRONIC WORKAHOLIC. TRYING TO MAKE A CHANGE.

LET'S GET A ROUND AND TOAST TO CHANGE! DJ, MAKE SOME NOISE!!!

HE'S GONNA GET US KICKED OUT.

HEH. I DOUBT IT. IT'S *HIS CLUB.*

SO WADE TELLS ME YOU'RE IN THE, *UM*... ENTERTAINMENT BUSINESS?

YEAH--NO! I USED TO BE, BUT RECENTLY I TRANSITIONED TO SCIENCE--

YOU'RE LYING. HE TOLD YOU TO SAY THAT. I EDIT SCIENTIFIC JOURNALS!

YO! KEEP 'EM COMING...

IT'S JUST INCREDIBLE WHAT PEOPLE CAN ENDURE AND STILL THRIVE. YOU'RE SO BRAVE...

I GOT BLOWN IN HALF LAST WEEK. I SURVIVED. HE JUST MADE IT THROUGH SCHOOL WITH A DEAD UNCLE. WOOP.

LIFE OFFERS YOU A PATH, BUT YOU CAN WALK WHEREVER YOU WANT. WHAT ABOUT YOUR FAMILY...?

NO JOKE. ON THE WEDDING NIGHT. NO AMMO IN THE MACHINE GUN.

HA HA!!! REALLY? ALL THOSE POUCHES AND NO BULLETS?

YOU KNOW WHAT'S HILARIOUS...? NOT THAT.

I FEEL LIKE I'VE KNOWN YOU ALL MY LIFE. IS--IS THAT CRAZY?

TOTALLY. AND TOTALLY SAMESIES OVER HERE.

NOW WE'RE TALKIN'... LOVEBIRDS AWAY!

OH MY GOD, WE'VE BEEN TALKING FOR LIKE AN HOUR STRAIGHT--

NEVER LET IT END.

WHAT?

YEAH, TIME-- *UM*--WHEN IS SHIKLAH GETTING HERE?

SHIKLAH? *HA!* NO, SHE'S NOT COMING...BUT MY DATE SHOULD BE HERE ANY SECOND...

KA-THOOM

YOO-HOO! OVER HERE, BLONDIE!

THOR IS YOUR DATE? YOU'RE *MARRIED!*

TOP FIVE FREE-PASS LIST! PRE-NEGOTIATED AND SIGNED BY SHIKLAH AGES AGO. LOOK--

THAT'S... THAT'S A VERY SPECIFIC LIST.

IF I'M GETTIN' A FREE PASS IT'S GONNA BE FOR SOMETHING *EPIC!*

FREE PASS
DEADPOOL TOP 5!
1 HILARY CLINTON
IF PREZ (WON'T HAPPEN)
2 THOR
IF HE EVER BECOMES A GIRL.
3 HELLCAT
IF WE'RE ACTUALLY IN HELL
4 ZOMBEA ARTHUR
5 SPID
* ON
ERRATA:

WHAT'S THAT NUMBER 5--?

NEVER YOU MIND...

DEADPOOL?! WHAT BE THINE EMERGENCY?

"EMERGENCY"? THERE'S NO SUCH THING AS AN "EMERGENCY DATE."

WE GOT A CRISIS, THOR! *TEN BARRELS OF MEAD* AND NO NORSE GODDESS TO DRINK THEM!

YOU SUMMONED ME... ON THE AVENGERS' EMERGENCY BAND...

...TO DRINK MEAD?

YOU HAVE EXCEPTIONAL HEARING!

THIS IS MY PAL, LEO. HE DOESN'T DRINK, BUT HE IS STILL A PERSON.

I'M LEO. JUST LEO. WE'VE NEVER MET. HI.

HIS DATE IS--

YOU MOVE VERY FAST!

WHAT GAME ARE YOU AT, FOOL? I WAS TENDING IMPORTANT MATTERS!

WHICH EXPLAINS WHY YOU'RE SO TENSE! SO LET'S RAISE A GLASS AND DISCUSS THE BENEFITS OF FRIENDSHIP...WITH BENEFITS.

ARE YOU FAMILIAR WITH THE CONCEPT OF A "*FREE PASS*"?

NOT IF HELHEIM FROZE OVER. I SENSE MAGIC HERE.

ME, TOO! IT'S CRAZY I KNOW, BUT JUST GIVE IN TO IT WHILE YOU'RE STILL A LADY THOR--

WADE...

I THINK SHE'S TALKING ABOUT JENNY.

RRRRRRRRRRGH!

UM, EVERYTHING COOL, JENNY? YOU SEEM TENSE.

DIE, FOUL ASGARDIAN!!!

DEADPOOL?

YEAH?

HOW DO YOU KNOW JENNY?

SHE'S ONE OF SHIKLAH'S COUSINS.

WERE YOU AWARE THAT SHE IS AN ASGARDIAN-HATING SUCCUBUS WHEN YOU SET US UP?

DUDE, COULD YOU NOT THINK ABOUT YOURSELF FOR, LIKE, A SECOND?

I PROBABLY MISSED MY SHOT WITH THOR. I'M REALLY BUMMING.

"PROBABLY"?

EXIT

WHAT BE YOUR QUARREL WITH ME, BEAST?!

IN THE THIRD AGE OF ODIN, MY PEOPLE WERE ENSLAVED BY YOUR FILTHY KIND!

BLOOD DEMANDS BLOOD!

IF YOU INSIST! YEAGHH!

LADIES! LET'S SLOW DOWN WITH THE SMASHING AND BLOOD TALK!

"LEO"?

I GUESS THIS IS THE PART OF THE NIGHT WHERE WE FESS UP TO BEING A SUPER HERO AND/OR SUCCUBUS...

YOU SMELL LIKE MY FAVORITE CANDY.

BACK TO HELHEIM WITH YOU, DEMONESS! IF IT'S WAR YOU WANT--

--THOR WILL GIVE YOU WAR!

RULE NUMBER ONE ABOUT DOUBLE DATING. *NEVER* BRING UP POLITICS, ASGARDIAN OR OTHER...

AFTER I RID THIS PLANE OF THAT MONSTER, YOU AND I WILL HAVE WORDS, TRICKSTER.

MIGHT THOSE WORDS INCLUDE "BREAKFAST"?

THAT'S NOT A "NO"!

WHY? AFTER ALL THAT TALK ABOUT US BEING FRIENDS AND--

--AND SHE'S SO PRETTY AND FUNNY AND-- *WHY?!*

I WANTED YOU TO HAVE A GOOD TIME...

...THIS IS A GOOD TIME.

OH, SWEET HEAVEN...DO NOT LET THAT BE WHAT I THINK IT BE.

IT BE.

ASGARD LEFT A SCAR ON MY PEOPLE THAT SHALL NEVER FADE! IF I MUST SACIFICE MY BLOOD FOR YOURS IT WOULD BE AN HONOR!

I WILL NOT APOLOGIZE FOR SINS COMMITTED EONS AGO BY THOSE WHO CAME BEFORE.

BUT I CAN ASSURE YOU THIS IS A NEW AGE FOR MY PEOPLE. A TIME OF ENLIGHTENMENT!

WE NEED NOT LIVE BY THE OLD... WAYS...

...

...JENNY... PLEASE LOOK DOWN FOR A MOMENT...

IS THAT..?
WADE WILSON...
AYE.
UH-OH. WEBS. WE GOTTA ROLL.
I THINK YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO FIGHT IN THE MUD! IT'S MORE SLIPPIER... SLIPPERYIER?
YOU DISGUSTING HALF-MAN...YOU ENGINEERED A BATTLE BETWEEN BLOOD ENEMIES THAT WE WOULD FIGHT IN THE MUD FOR YOUR AMUSEMENT?!
YOU MAKE IT SOUND A LOT LESS FUN WHEN YOU USE TERMS LIKE "HALF-MAN."
I WAS ROOTING FOR YOU...DID YOU KNOW BLOODLUST REALLY BRINGS OUT YOUR EYES--?
WHAT SHALL WE DO TO AMEND THIS OFFENSE, LADY SUCCUBUS?
SAFEWORD! SAFEWORD! WEBS! HELP A BROTHER OUT!
WADE, JUST... *HUSH*...IT'S HARD TO THINK WITH ALL OF THE PHEROMONES AND OZONE AND--GOD, JENNY, EVEN WHEN YOU SWEAT YOU SMELL LIKE COTTON CANDY--
WEBS!!!
LADIES...I...WHAT HAPPENED HERE TONIGHT IS INEXCUSABLE. YOU HAVE EVERY RIGHT TO BE MAD. THIS WAS INSENSITIVE AND AWFUL AND DISRESPECTFUL OF TWO AMAZING AND POWERFUL WOMEN...
BUT WADE AND I ARE LIKE *THAT* CLOSE TO BEING FRIENDS, SO...COULD YOU NOT KILL HIM? OR US? PLEASE?
THERE'S GOT TO BE SOMETHING WE CAN DO TO FIX THIS.

A TEMPORARY TRUCE COMMENCES AND THIS "HELLHOUSE" BECOMES SACRED GROUND!

LADIES, LET'S BRING IT DOWN A NOTCH! THINGS GOT A LITTLE ROWDY BEFORE, *BUT* WE APOLOGIZED!

THE MOST EARNEST OF ALL APOLOGIES I HAVE EVER MADE...EVEN THOUGH YOU ARE SERIOUSLY ONE OF THE MOST BEAUTIFUL WOMEN I'VE EVER MET--

MORE IMPORTANTLY THE ***SMARTEST*** AND MOST... *UM*, TO BE ***RESPECTED*** AND NOT AT ALL TO BE TREATED LIKE ***OBJECTS***--

NO! NO OBJECTIFICATION! LESSON LEARNED! FO' SHO'!

...BUT SHE'S STILL REALLY ATTRACTIVE...

I WILL PUNCH YOU IN THE MOUTH WITH BOTH FISTS IF YOU DO NOT STOP TALKING!

'TIS A SMALL PRICE TO PAY FOR THE VALUABLE LESSON YOU'LL LEARN, "*BOYFRIEND.*"

YOU HAD YOUR FUN...IT'S ONLY RIGHT THAT WE SHOULD HAVE OURS.

NOW, UNLESS YOU WOULD LIKE TO HEAR MJOLNIR'S OPINION ON GENDER ROLES IN OUR SOCIETY--

NO THANK YOU, MA'AM.

YOU WILL DANCE FOR OUR PLEASURE!

WEBS, I CAN'T DECIDE WHETHER THIS IS ONE OF MY BEST DREAMS COME TRUE OR A NIGHTMARE--

BUT NO ONE TELLS DEADPOOL WHEN HE CAN AND CAN'T DANCE. I SAY START KICKING ASS AND TAKING NAMES--

♫I POUR SOME SUGAR ON MEEEEEEEE♫

OH, NO... YOU HAD TOO MUCH SUCCUBUS.

ACTUALLY, THIS IS THE MOST FREE I'VE FELT IN MONTHS!!!

GET UP HERE-- UNLESS YOU'RE RHYTHMICALLY CHALLENGED--

YOU DARE QUESTION MY MOVES?!?! FINE! YOU LADIES WANT THE 'POOL?

YOU'RE GETTIN' THE FLOOD!

BRING IT!

HEE-HEE!

POINT THE FINGER, CHECK THE HEART.

WHOOP-CHA!

HELICOPTER!

HNNGH!

YOU...YOU'RE REALLY GIVING THEM A SHOW, DUDE!

THIS WILL NEVER *EVER* HAPPEN IN MY LIFE *EVER* AGAIN...

MIGHT AS WELL ENJOY IT!

YOU SUNNY-BUTT MANIAC. FINE. *DANCE, YOU FOOL! DANCE!*

HOW LONG DO YOU THINK WE CAN MAKE THEM DO THIS?

UNTIL IT BORES US.

HEH. YOU'RE ALL RIGHT, ASGARDIAN.

I'LL NEVER TELL THEM THIS... BUT THAT WAS ONE HELL OF A BATTLE.

AYE, 'TWAS.

And it was written in the tomes of Thor of a battle most glorious against a demoness most foul...

...and the truce which they did both adopt for but one brief moment in time...

Celebrated with spirited camaraderie between enemies not seen since the times before the Frost Wars...

Wherein a webbed maker of mischief and a scarred minstrel of madness did dance for the pleasure of warriors in attendance with reckless abandon.

Never was there so glorious a battle celebration in any of the nine realms. For **centuries**, tales would be passed down, told and retold with glee...

The dance of the Spidey-Pool. On a blessed Thorsday...

Called "Ladies' night" in the realm of Midgard.

BWAHAHAHAHAHAHA

NO HESITATION. NONE AT ALL!

YOU LITERALLY SAID "DO THE LIFT," WHAT ELSE WAS I SUPPOSED TO DO?

THAT MAKES YOU DEAD-BABY. WAIT, THAT'S NOT FUNNY--

SPIDER-SWAYZE.

BWAHAHAH!

HEH...HEH... OH, GOD I NEEDED THAT.

SIGH I DON'T WANT TO RUIN THE MOMENT, BUT...

NO, YOU ARE NOT ON MY LIST.

THANKS FOR THAT LIE. ANYWAY... IF YOU'RE SERIOUS ABOUT TRYING TO MAKE A CHANGE FOR THE BETTER...

...I BELIEVE YOU'RE DOING THE JOB.

...

HEH. I DON'T HAVE A SMART-ASS RESPONSE TO THAT, SO...

...THANKS.

LET'S DO THIS AGAIN. MINUS YOU TRICKING THE GOD OF THUNDER INTO A MUD PIT.

THANKS FOR A GOOD NIGHT, MAN.

WE'LL DO IT AGAIN SOMETIME.

YOU'VE LOST YOUR MIND.

PROBABLY. I'LL LET THE INTERNET JUDGE ME. HOW DO MY ABS LOOK IN THE LIFT?

THERE ARE PHOTOS?

HOLY CRAP, THERE ARE PHOTOS!!!

DING DONG

THE VALKYRIE DO HAVE PHONES, SURPRISINGLY... DO YOU KNOW HOW MANY NUMBERS I GOT?

I DON'T UNDERSTAND HOW YOU ARE NOT FREAKING OUT. YOU SURE YOU'RE OKAY? YOU SOUND--

SERIOUSLY, ANNA? IT WAS ONE OF THE BEST NIGHTS OF MY LIFE. BREAKFAST BURRITOS ARE HERE, SO I'M GONNA JET. LATER.

BOEET

HEY! YOU'RE NOT THE BREAKFAST GUY! YOU'RE--

PNNT

FNNT

FNNNT

HUH.

THAT WAS EASY.

REALLY EXPECTED WEBS TO COME RUNNING...

ENJOY YOUR PERMANENT VACATION IN HELL, DR. MENGELE. I PUT IN A SPECIAL REQUEST FOR YOUR TORTURER.

CONTACTS... FAVES AND...

IF I GAVE YOU THIS NUMBER, YOU KNOW WHAT TO DO!

WEBS! MAN, I JUST WANTED TO CHECK IN AND, YOU KNOW, THANK YOU...

...FOR THE FIRST TIME IN A LONG TIME... I FELT--

I'M PSYCHED WE CAN BE BUDS. THAT'S IT.

DON'T RUIN IT BY GETTING ALL SAPPY OR WHATEVER. JUST...

TALK TO YOU LATER.

TO BE CONTINUED.

YOU WANT TO KNOW WHAT HAPPENS *NEXT?*

#5

SPIDER-MAN/ DEADPOOL®

005 MARVEL

KELLY
McGUINNESS
MORALES
KEITH

MARVEL COMICS BEGRUDGINGLY PRESENTS...

PETER PARKER WAS BITTEN BY AN IRRADIATED SPIDER, GRANTING HIM AMAZING ABILITIES, INCLUDING THE PROPORTIONAL SPEED, STRENGTH AND AGILITY OF A SPIDER, AS WELL AS ADHESIVE FINGERTIPS AND TOES. AFTER LEARNING THAT WITH GREAT POWER, THERE MUST ALSO COME GREAT RESPONSIBILITY, HE BECAME THE WORLD'S GREATEST SUPER HERO! HE'S...

The AMAZING SPIDER-MAN

AVENGER...ASSASSIN...SUPERSTAR! WADE WILSON WAS CHOSEN FOR A TOP-SECRET GOVERNMENT PROGRAM THAT GAVE HIM A HEALING FACTOR THAT ALLOWS HIM TO HEAL FROM ANY WOUND. DESPITE EARNING A SMALL FORTUNE AS A GUN FOR HIRE, WADE HAS BECOME THE WORLD'S MOST BELOVED HERO AND IS THE STAR OF THE WORLD'S GREATEST COMIC MAGAZINE (NO MATTER WHAT THAT JERK IN THE WEBS MAY THINK). CALL HIM THE MERC WITH THE MOUTH...CALL HIM THE REGENERATIN' DEGENERATE...CALL HIM...

DEADPOOL

LAST TIME:

WELCOME BACK TO SPIDER-MAN/DEADPOOL! OR, IF YOU DIDN'T READ THE FIRST FOUR ISSUES...WHY DIDN'T YOU READ THE FIRST FOUR ISSUES?

AW, WHO ARE WE KIDDING? OF COURSE YOU DID! AFTER ALL, EACH OF 'EM HAS GONE TO A SECOND PRINTING.

SO IT'S NOT LIKE I EVEN HAVE TO TELL YOU THAT SPIDER-MAN AND DEADPOOL HAVE BEEN WORKING ON GETTING OVER THEIR DIFFERENCES--AND IT'S BEEN PAYING OFF! AFTER A COUPLE GOOD OLD-FASHIONED TEAM-UPS (INCLUDING ONE INVOLVING THOR AND A MAGIC MIKE-STYLE DANCE NUMBER), YOUR FRIENDLY NEIGHBORHOOD CRIMEFIGHTER HAS STARTED WARMING UP TO THE MERC WITH A MOUTH. YOU COULD EVEN CALL THEM BEST FRIENDS 4EVA (DEADPOOL DOES IN HIS DIARY).

BUT IT WAS ALL FOR NOTHING! UNBEKNOWNST TO SPIDER-MAN, DEADPOOL HAD BEEN HIRED TO KILL HIS "BOSS," PETER PARKER, BY A MYSTERIOUS THIRD PARTY. LAST ISSUE, DEADPOOL PULLED THE TRIGGER, AND NOW PETER PARKER IS SLEEPING WITH THE FISHES. HE'S AT A FARM UPSTATE. HE'S NOT COMING DOWN FOR BREAKFAST.

ARE YOU GETTING THIS? HE'S DEAD.

THIS COULD PUT A DAMPER ON THE WHOLE "BESTIES" THING...

ISN'T IT BROMANTIC? PART five

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THERE WAS A LIGHT. OF COURSE THERE WAS A LIGHT...

A MUZZLE FLASH?

NO...JUST A PERFECT LIGHT...WELCOMING. *PROMISING...*

THE END OF ALL SUFFERING. A CASCADE OF LOVE. RECONNECTION TO A UNIVERSE I'VE ALWAYS KNOWN BUT FORGOT...

AM I DEAD? THIS DOESN'T FEEL... DEAD. AND I KNOW DEAD.

IF IT'S NOT THE GREAT BEYOND, IT'S A HECK OF A GREAT DREAM...

I'M GOIN' WITH IT.

WHERE'S THIS RABBIT HOLE TAKING ME?

SO DO YOU, LIKE, APPLAUD? OR TIP THE GUY?

I DON'T WANT TO BE RUDE...

YOU SOUND LIKE YOU'VE NEVER BORNE WITNESS TO THE ETERNAL TORTURE OF A HUMAN SOUL BEFORE.

ADORBS. I'M GONNA REMEMBER THIS THE NEXT TIME YOU ASK ME WHICH KARDASHIAN IS THE "EVIL ONE" AGAIN.

RELAX. YOU'RE GOING TO HAVE A BALL. AND YOU LOOK FANTASTIC.

I'LL OWN THAT...BUT I THINK YOU'RE TOTALLY PULLING MY CHAIN ABOUT THIS GETUP.

PROPER ETIQUETTE, I ASSURE YOU. DRESS TO IMPRESS. EVEN IN HELL.

MORE LIKE DRESS TO DEPRESS. THERE'S SO MUCH EXTRA ROOM IN THIS CODPIECE THE BROOKLYN NETS COULD CLIMB IN HERE WITH ROOM TO PRACTICE--

ARE YOU NERVOUS?

TO SEE A SOCIOPATH WHO I KILLED GET PINEAPPLED BY A MASTER TORTURER?

BABE, I'VE BEEN LOOKING FORWARD TO THIS FOR A MONTH.

SOMETIMES THEY DON'T USE PINEAPPLES. I JUST DON'T WANT YOU TO BE DISAPPOINTED.

WHAT DO THEY USE?

PIRANHA. EVER-BURNING COALS. A SOLID PLATINUM VEGGETTI...THAT'S NEW.

IF PARKER'S SOUL IS BEING TORTURED WITH ANY PRODUCT SOLD ON QVC, I AM DEFINITELY TIPPING THE GUY.

WE NEED TO HAVE DATE NIGHT MORE OFTEN.

OH! MISTRESS SHIKLAH, UH... YOU--WE--

WHERE IN THE HELL, *LITERALLY*, IS THE SOUL OF PETER PARKER?!

UM, I...CHECKING... UM, ARE YOU CERTAIN THAT MISTER PARKER HAD A RESERVATION FOR TODAY--?

I MADE THE RESERVATION WHEN I PUT TWO SLUGS IN HIS BRAIN BOX, YOU HALF-BAKED HOT STUFF! WHERE IS HE?!

NO NEED TO BE RUDE, SIR...JUST BECAUSE WE'RE THE GRAND TORTURERS OF HELL DOESN'T MEAN WE DON'T HAVE FEELINGS.

PARKER INDUSTRIES.

MY FAVORITE ENGINEER! UP TOP!

YOU NEVER REMEMBER HIS NAME.

I KNOW, BUT IT'S GOOD FOR MORALE. WHAT IS IT, ANYWAY?

PETER. HE'S PETER SCIOLI.

WELL, YOU KNOW ME, ANNA MARIA...I STINK WITH NAMES...

...BUT I'M GREAT WITH FACES.

LET'S GO MAKE SOME SCIENCE.

FEAR, HORROR, COLD...THAT'S ALL I FEEL NOW.

I CAN'T REMEMBER WHAT MY FACE LOOKS LIKE OR MY MOTHER'S NAME. I'M SCREAMING FROM MY GUTS.

THIS IS NO DREAM.

WHATEVER IT IS...THE MONSTER FILLING EVERY ATOM OF MY BEING WITH TERROR IS ENJOYING ITSELF.

PARRRRRRRKER!

WHATEVER THIS IS...IT'S PERSONAL.

UNLESS HE IS, AS YOU SAY, "AN EVIL TOOL." IN WHICH CASE, HE HAS NO ONE WHO CARES FOR HIM.

HE CERTAINLY DECORATES LIKE A MAN WITH NO VISITORS.

UNBELIEVABLE. A MAN UN-ALIVED IS LYING AT YOUR FEET AND YOU'RE CRITICIZING HIS TASTE IN LAMPS...

CAN WE FIT IN SOME SPECIAL ADULT HUGS, D'YOU THINK?

JUST AS I LEFT HIM. DEATH BY INSTANT AND EXCESSIVE LEAD POISONING.

WEIRD. BY NOW THE PLACE SHOULD BE SWARMING WITH COPS...

I LIKE WHERE THIS IS HEADED. CAN I PHONE A FRIEND--?

I WAS KIDDING! SORT OF. NOT REALLY. BUT WE CAN'T...MY COMMON SENSE IS TINGLING.

SOMETHING WENT SOUTH WITH THIS GIG. NO NECRO-NOOKIE UNTIL WE SQUARE THINGS AWAY.

THIS IS ABOUT *HIM* ISN'T IT? YOUR "*BRO-CRUSH*"?

NO! NO...MY MORALITY APP IS, LIKE, TOTALLY STUCK ON DOING THE RIGHT THING TODAY. SUCKS...

...BUT THERE'S ONLY *ONE WAY* TO SET THIS RIGHT.

WHEN I LIVED, YOU RUINED ME...

EVEN IN DEATH YOU HAUNTED MY DREAMS.

FINALLY, PARRRKERRR... REVENGE BELONGS TO ME.

ETERNAL REVENGE. YOU WILL NEVER PASS ON...MY OWN PLAYTHING...

NO, THIS ISN'T HAPPENING...

DEATH COMES FOR EVERYONE, PARKER.

I AM NOT DEAD!!!

YOU WERE ALWAYS DEAD, PETER...ALL OF YOUR LIFE--ALL LIFE IS JUST AN ILLUSION...

NO, THAT--

OH MY GOD... MYSTERIO?

AH... THAT'S A SMART BOY.

LET'S PLAY A GAME--

AAAARGH! WHAT'S HAPPENED?!

PARKER?!

WHOA. THAT...

THAT WAS DEAD. SERIOUSLY DEAD DEAD AND NOW I'M...

ANOTHER TUNNEL?

KA-BLAM!!

I BROUGHT HIM BACK FROM THE DEAD.

YOU SURE DID, HONEY! MAXIMUM EFFORT!

I BROUGHT HIM BACK FROM THE DEAD SO YOU COULD SHOOT HIM IN THE HEAD? AGAIN?

WELL, NO, SEE THIS TIME IS DIFFERENT. I KNOW IT'S TECHNICAL, BUT LAST TIME I USED A PISTOL, THIS IS A 44 GAUGE DOUBLE-BARRELLED SHOTGUN.

DARE I ASK WHY?

ARE YOU FAMILIAR WITH THE CONCEPT "*HAVE YOU TRIED TURNING IT OFF AND THEN ON AGAIN?*"

IT'S THE OPPOSITE OF THAT.

SOMETIMES I SERIOUSLY QUESTION MY LIFE CHOICES.

HONEYBUTT, YOU KNOW THAT THE AFTERLIFE IS A COMPLICATED PLACE!

SOULS PROBABLY GET MISLABELLED BY THE DEWEY DEATHIMAL SYSTEM ALL THE TIME--

NO. NEVER. NEVER EVER--

ERGO...RESET BUTTON PRESSED, TRIGGER PULLED. BOOM! PARKER GETS THE HOT SEAT.

GO ON, CHECK. HIT UP YOUR HELLPHONE.

HARDLY HAVE THE ENERGY TO STAND...IF YOU ARE WRONG, YOU REALIZE I CANNOT RESURRECT HIM AGAIN--

DON'T BE SUCH A DEMONESS DOWNER! LET THE INAPPROPRIATE SPIRALIZING COMMENCE!

MISTRESS SHIKLAH?

WE HAVE RECEIVED THE SOUL OF THE UNWORTHY ONE AND ARE GIVING HIM THE VIP TREATMENT!

=AHEM= IT BURNS. *OUCH.* I REPENT AND... STUFF.

ARE YOU SURE THAT WAS HELL? LOOKED SORTA LIKE DETROIT--

ARE YOU GOING TO SAY IT? OR DO I HAVE TO?

...

I MESSED UP. I GOT PLAYED...

PETER PARKER WAS NOT A BAD GUY.

APPARENTLY NOT. =SIGH= EVERYONE MAKES MISTAKES. NOTHING TO DO ABOUT IT.

I'LL SEND OVER SOME LOWER LIFE-FORMS TO SCOUR THE ROOM CLEAN. NO ONE WILL EVER KNOW--

I'LL KNOW.

...

BABE?

HOW FLEXIBLE CAN YOU GET ON THE "*TILL DEATH DO US PART*" ASPECT OF OUR VOWS?

I LOVE YOU, PETER.

I KNOW NONE OF THIS IS REAL...

I LOVE YOU, SON.

I KNOW MYSTERIO'S PULLING THE MOTHER OF ALL ILLUSIONS ON ME...

I WAS A BETTER YOU THAN YOU ARE... IS THAT FAIR?

BUT THAT DOESN'T MEAN IT DOESN'T *HURT.*

YEAH, MEMORY LANE. PARKER'S GREATEST HITS. I GET IT...BUT IF YOU THINK YOU'RE ANY BETTER AT TORTURING ME THAN I AM, YOU'RE CRAZIER THAN I THOUGHT.

I WILL BREAK YOU FOR THIS, BECK! PUT AWAY THE TOYS AND FACE ME LIKE A MAN!

LIKE A MAN...YOU HAVE ALWAYS BEEN SO MUCH LESS THAN A MAN.

AN INSECT. AND PLEASE, DON'T BOTHER WITH THE SEMANTICS REGARDING SPIDERS AND INSECTS...

YOU'RE SUB-HUMAN. EVERYTHING YOU TOUCH TURNS TO ASH.

INCLUDING ME. BUT I HAVE BEEN GIVEN A GREAT HONOR...

I GET TO PUNISH YOU FOR IT. FOREVER.

IT'S NOT REAL!

NO? THEN STRIKE OUT... STRIKE OUT AT THOSE YOU LOVED AND KILLED.

HE'S RIGHT. YOU KNOW IT, PETER.

THIS IS THE HELL YOU MADE.

AND YOU DESERVE IT, PAL.

GYAAAAH!

SUCH SWEET AGONY. THIS MAY NOT BE THE REVENGE THAT I PLANNED...BUT IT WILL DO--

SURPRISE, SNOWGLOBE!

NO ONE EVER EXPECTS THE EXPOSITIONAL INTERRUPTION SERVICE!

YOU DON'T BELONG HERE, MISTER.

GONNA HAVE TO MIND YOU SOME MANNERS.

DEADPOOL... I *AM* IN HELL.

NOT YET. TRUST ME--

KA-THOOM

I'VE *WORKED* IN HELL...THIS, SIR, IS NO HELL.

SPARKNOTES VERSION: YOU DIED. MYSTERIO SOULJACKED YOU TO LIMBO FROM HIS COMA.

WEBS SENT ME TO SAVE YOUR SCRAWNY BUTT 'CAUSE I MARRIED INTO SOME CONNECTIONS. MYSTIC STUFF.

BUT SINCE I DON'T DIE WELL, WE ONLY HAVE A LITTLE BIT OF TIME FOR ME TO HAIL MARY YOU HOME.

QUESTIONS?

WHOSE BLOOD IS THAT COVERING YOUR BODY?

"YOU DON'T WANT TO KNOW. LET'S JUST SAY I WENT ABOVE AND BEYOND TO GET HERE AND LEAVE IT AT THAT..."

HURRY IT UP, WADE...I CAN ONLY KEEP YOU TWO LINKED FOR A FEW MOMENTS...

SO... SPIDER-MAN SENT YOU? WHO KILLED ME--?

DUDE, NO TIME FOR LITTLE DETAILS LIKE YOUR *MURDERER. PRIORITIZE!* THIS ASSHAT BROUGHT YOU TO LIMBO TO BE HIS ETERNAL PLAYTHING!

IF YOU WANT TO LIVE, YOU NEED TO MAN UP AND FIGHT FOR IT!

HOW?

YOU'RE NOT SUPPOSED TO BE HERE. YOU GET SOME PERKS IF YOU CAN STEP UP. MY WIFE EXPLAINED IT...I'M NOT A GOOD LISTENER OR EXPLAINER...

YOU READ *HARRY POTTER?*

MOVIES.

PHILISTINE. IT'S LIKE THE PATRONUS...

YOU GOTTA FOCUS YOUR SPIRIT TO HELP YOU FIGHT OFF THE DARKNESS.

BUT DON'T WASTE MY TIME WITH A DEER OR SOME CHILDHOOD TOY UNLESS THAT TOY WAS YOUR FAVORITE ROCKET LAUNCHER!

I THINK I GOT IT...

YEAH...THAT WORKS. GOOD THING YOU HAVE A ROLE MODEL AND JUNK.

WHO SAID I'M JEALOUS?

NOTE TO SELF...I MADE A BAD CALL. A MISJUDGEMENT.

PETER PARKER IS NOT JUST AN OKAY GUY I WHIFFED BY MISTAKE... HE'S A *GREAT GUY.*

?

THAT'S A PURE SOUL. HARDLY A STAIN ON HIM... DAMN. I HOPE THIS LITTLE SIDE TRIP TO THE NETHERWORLD DOESN'T MESS UP HIS HEAD.

THERE ARE CHIMES AGAIN. CELESTIAL AND CLEAR. SINGING...

BUT I DON'T WANT TO HEAR THEM. I FOCUS ON THE GHOST OF MY OWN BLOOD PUMPING IN MY EARS. NEITHER OF WHICH ARE TRULY REAL...

SOMETHING IS VERY WRONG HERE, AND YEAH, I'M VERY, VERY ANGRY.

WHOULFF!

HOW--THIS ISN'T POSSIBLE. HE PROMISED--

YOU PROMISED! THIS IS NOT THE SOLACE I WAS PROMISED!

PROMISED BY WHOM?!

WHAT'S HAPPENING, BECK? WHAT DID YOU DO TO ME?!

YOU... YOU ARE SO... PURE.

I DON'T UNDERSTAND! YOU SHOULD BE CRIPPLED HERE! AFTER ALL THE PAIN YOU'VE CAUSED...

PAIN *I'VE* CAUSED? YOU TWISTED MONSTER!

YO! PARKER! DON'T TRY TO PLAY HERO! JUST BECAUSE YOU DRESS UP LIKE SPIDER-MAN DOESN'T MAKE YOU SPIDER-MAN!

HE SAID FROM EXPERIENCE.

ALL OF THIS IS YOUR FAULT! YOU HAD ONE JOB IN THIS POWER PLAY AND YOU SCREWED IT UP TWICE!

YEAH, I SCREWED UP BY DOING THE OPPOSITE OF WHAT I NORMALLY DO...

IGNORED MY GUT. A GUT THAT'S GETTING BETTER WITHOUT THE HELP OF PROBIOTICS...

PARKER WAS A MISTAKE SO I'M FIXING IT. *I WILL NEVER KILL AGAIN--*

ANNNND NO ONE'S LISTENING. AT ALL.

SO THAT'S WHAT IT FEELS LIKE TO GET DITCHED DURING A MONOLOGUE.

GOOD TO KNOW.

I'VE SPENT MY WHOLE LIFE TURNING CRAP INTO LEMONADE, USING MY POWERS TO HELP PEOPLE--

WHAT HAVE YOU DONE BUT CAUSE MISERY AND PAIN?!

THIS--THIS IS NOT RIGHT. THIS WAS NOT THE WAY IT WAS SUPPOSED TO BE--

THIS IS HOW IT WILL *ALWAYS* BE, BECK! GET IT THROUGH YOUR DOMED SKULL-- I WILL NOT BREAK!

NO!!!

YEAH... *HUFF HUFF--*

...WHY IS FIGHTING IN THE AFTERLIFE SO TIRING?

BECAUSE, PARKER...

FIGHTING FOR YOUR LIFE IS ONE THING...

...FIGHTING FOR YOUR *SOUL* IS SOMETHING ENTIRELY DIFFERENT.

I...I KNOW YOU...? I--

WHO ARE YOU?

I AM THE ARCHITECT OF YOUR ULTIMATE FALL.

I AM THE NULL. THE VOID. THE HELL THAT HUNGERS...

AND I'M GOING TO TELL YOU A SECRET...

BABE, IT'S NOW OR NEVER. I CAN'T KEEP YOU CONNECTED--

--AND YOUR BODY IS ABOUT TO REJECT THE 16 INCHES OF STEEL JUTTING FROM IT.

THANKS FOR THAT WEATHER UPDATE, SHIKLAH... IT'S RAINING BLOOD ARMOR DOWN HERE, SO YEAH, I FIGURED...

BUT I LOST PARKER. I DON'T KNOW WHAT I'M GONNA--

UM...I'LL GET BACK TO YOU, HONEY.

HEY, YOU. BEEN A WHILE.

OKAY, SO IT'S GONNA BE LIKE THAT. I COME ALL THE WAY TO LIMBO, BATHED IN A BILLIONAIRE'S BLOOD AND I DON'T EVEN GET A HUG?

OH, BOY.

OKAY, LOOK, I'M GONNA LAY IT OUT HERE...I NEED A FAVOR. A BIGGIE.

I KNOW YOU DON'T OWE ME. I KNOW YOU PROBABLY HATE ME. AND DAMN YOU SMELL SO GOOD. I DIDN'T THINK IT WAS GONNA BE THIS HARD...

YOU. HERE...IT'S CRUEL.

TO BE SO CLOSE TO YOU AND KNOW YOU WILL NOT BE MINE.

I'M SORRY. I... I SENT THE WRONG GUY HERE. PROBABLY DONE THAT A LOT IN MY DAY, BUT I NEED HIM BACK. LIKE, NOT AS A ZOMBIE OR ANY CRAP. BACK AND INTACT.

WHY DO YOU SMELL SO DAMN GOOD?

WHY?

...

I'M DONE BEING THE WORLD'S POOP CHUTE. DONE BEING A CHECKER ON SOMEONE ELSE'S CHESS-BOARD.

I'VE BEEN... INSPIRED TO BE BETTER BY A FRIEND AND SO I'M TRYING TO FIX THE LAST MISTAKE I PLAN TO MAKE. EVER.

...

YOU'VE CHANGED.

I'M TRYIN'--

THERE WILL BE A PRICE.

...

IF IT'S MINE TO PAY, I'LL PAY IT.

YOU HAVE CHANGED.

GOOD CHANGE OR BAD--OH.

GAH! HA-- HI, WIFE! WIFE OF MY BELOVED HEART--

YOU'RE SLEEPING IN THE NAIL ROOM TONIGHT.

BUT, HONEYBUTT--

YOU HAVE DEATH BREATH.

NO!!!

I'M GOING TO TELL YOU A SECRET ABOUT YOUR LIFE...

...ABOUT WHY YOU'LL NEVER FIND TRUE HAPPINESS...

...BECAUSE YOU WILL *ALWAYS* BE MISSING SOMETHING. *INCOMPLETE. UNFINISHED.* AND ULTIMATELY, NO MATTER HOW HARD YOU FIGHT, WHICH CAUSE YOU CHOOSE, THE BATTLE WILL ALWAYS END WITH YOUR FACING...

...EMPTINESS.

WHAT THE HELL HAPPENED TO ME?

DEAR MISTER PARKER. PETER. PETEY.

OH, HELL. IT ALL STARTED WHEN THIS GUY HIRED ME TO KILL YOU...

AND I DID.

HAPPY BIRTHDAY!

BUT I ALSO BROUGHT YOU BACK TO LIFE AT GREAT PERSONAL RISK TO MYSELF AND MY MARRIAGE...

...AND MY REPUTATION FOR BEING AN A NUMERO UNO JACKHOLE. I REALLY THOUGHT I WAS TAKING OUT A MAD SCIENTIST HELL-BENT ON ABUSING WEALTH AND POWER TO GENERALLY SCREW OVER MANKIND.

CLEARLY I OVERESTIMATED YOUR CAPACITY FOR EVIL.

ON AN UNRELATED TOPIC, PLEASE DON'T TELL SPIDER-MAN.

WE ALL MAKE MISTAKES. WHICH I KNOW SOUNDS LIKE I'M TRIVIALIZING KILLING YOU, BUT SINCE YOU CAME BACK--GOD, I HATE LETTER WRITING. ANYWAY...I'M GONNA MAKE IT UP TO YOU...

STARTING BY TAKING DOWN THE TOOL WHO GAVE ME THIS BOGUS JOB IN THE FIRST PLACE. FOR FREE. SEE? I'M NOT EVEN CHARGING YOU...

SO, ANYWAY, WELCOME BACK TO LIFE.

I GOT IT COVERED. NO WORRIES.

TO BE CONTINUED IN SPIDER-MAN/DEADPOOL #8!
NEXT: SM/DP GOES HOLLYWOOD!

YOU WANT TO KNOW WHAT HAPPENS *NEXT?*

#6

MARVEL

008

SPIDER-MAN/ DEADPOOL

KELLY
MCGUINNESS
MORALES
KEITH

MARVEL COMICS BEGRUDGINGLY PRESENTS...

PETER PARKER WAS BITTEN BY AN IRRADIATED SPIDER, GRANTING HIM AMAZING ABILITIES, INCLUDING THE PROPORTIONAL SPEED, STRENGTH AND AGILITY OF A SPIDER, AS WELL AS ADHESIVE FINGERTIPS AND TOES. AFTER LEARNING THAT WITH GREAT POWER, THERE MUST ALSO COME GREAT RESPONSIBILITY, HE BECAME THE WORLD'S GREATEST SUPER HERO! HE'S...

The AMAZING SPIDER-MAN

AVENGER...ASSASSIN...SUPERSTAR! WADE WILSON WAS CHOSEN FOR A TOP-SECRET GOVERNMENT PROGRAM THAT GAVE HIM A HEALING FACTOR THAT ALLOWS HIM TO HEAL FROM ANY WOUND. DESPITE EARNING A SMALL FORTUNE AS A GUN FOR HIRE, WADE HAS BECOME THE WORLD'S MOST BELOVED HERO AND IS THE STAR OF THE WORLD'S GREATEST COMIC MAGAZINE (NO MATTER WHAT THAT JERK IN THE WEBS MAY THINK). CALL HIM THE MERC WITH THE MOUTH...CALL HIM THE REGENERATIN' DEGENERATE...CALL HIM...

DEADPOOL

LAST TIME: THREE ISSUES AGO:

DEADPOOL KILLED SPIDER-MAN! WELL, HE KILLED PETER PARKER, NOT REALIZING THAT HIS VICTIM WAS HIS NEW BESTEST BUDDY'S SECRET IDENTITY! THINKING PARKER EVIL, DEADPOOL WAS SHOCKED NOT TO FIND HIM IN THE UNDERWORLD SUFFERING ETERNAL TORMENT. YES—HE CHECKED. AFTER A FEW DO-OVERS, WADE FOUND PETEY'S ETERNAL SOUL IN PURGATORY. REALIZING THAT THE CLIENT THAT PUT A HIT ON PARKER HAD LIED TO HIM ABOUT PETER BEING AN EVIL, EVIL BAD GUY, DEADPOOL CALLED IN A FAVOR FROM HIS EX-GIRLFRIEND, DEATH HERSELF, AND BROUGHT HIM BACK FROM THE DEAD. NOW HE'S OUT TO GET REVENGE ON THE CLIENT WHO LED HIM ASTRAY.

UNFORTUNATELY, PETER HIMSELF DIDN'T HAVE A GREAT TIME BEING KILLED, EITHER. AN ENCOUNTER WITH MEPHISTO POST-DEATH HAS LEFT HIM FEELING AS THOUGH SOMETHING IS...MISSING FROM HIS LIFE. ON TOP OF THAT, WHOEVER PUT THE HIT ON HIM PRETENDED TO BE HIM AT HIS WORK WHILE HE WAS DEAD! WASSUP WITH THAT???

ISN'T IT BROMANTIC?

Conclusion

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GIVE 'EM THE HAIRCUT OF THEIR LIVES MINI- MISS-WOLVER-- UH-OH!

WHAT'S WRONG?

I FELT A GREAT DISTURBANCE IN THE CONTINUITY...

...AS IF THERE WERE A MASSIVE CROSS-OVER EVENT OR JUST A BETTER CREATIVE TEAM FOR TWO ISSUES.

THAT DOESN'T EVEN MAKE SENSE, DADDY. WE'RE MAKING OUR OWN ADVENTURE!

IT'S HIGH-KEY ADORBS HOW YOU THINK REAL LIFE IS REAL LIFE. THE SWEET STUPIDITY OF CHILDHOOD.

IT'S ***CUTLERY TIME!*** DEAPOOL AND WOLVERME ARE GONNA SLICE AND DICE THE BAD GUYS FOREVER!

ORRRRRR, WHAT IF THIS TIME, JUST AS AN ESPERIMENT, WE PUT "EM IN A SLEEPER HOLD AND THROW THEM IN JAIL?

WHAT DOES THAT MEAN? YOU SOUND WEIRD.

I ***AM*** WEIRD.

NOT ***NORMAL*** WEIRD. ***WEIRDER*** WEIRD. YOU ALWAYS LIKE SMASHING EVERYONE TO DEATH.

YEAH... WEIRD. MAYBE WE'LL FIGURE IT OUT NEXT TIME...DADDY'S GOTTA WORK.

MEANWHILE...

PARKER INDUSTRIES HEADQUARTERS.

THE CHAMELEON? A SHAPE-SHIFTER?

MYSTERIO--?

DEFINITELY NOT HIM...

HAPPY BIRTHDAY

THIS...THIS WAS SOMEONE NEW. SOMEONE GOOD...

PLEASE DON'T.

CAN I APOLOGIZE AGAIN?

SAME COLOGNE. SAME WALK. SAME VOICE--

HE SCRATCHED THE BACK OF HIS HEAD LIKE YOU DO WHEN I SHOW THAT I'M SMARTER THAN YOU ARE--

HE STUDIED. HE HAD HELP. HE'S VERY SMART.

BUT ALL OF THE BODY TELEMETRY--

HACKED. TROJAN HORSED DURING THE MYSTERIO ATTACK. SET TO ALLOW ACCESS TO SOMEONE WITH HIS DNA ON COMMAND.

I'M SORRY.

DO YOU KNOW WHAT HE TOOK?

THERE WILL ALWAYS BE A PART OF YOU THAT IS... UNSATISFIED.

NO MATTER HOW HARD YOU FIGHT. NO MATTER WHAT YOU DO...YOU WILL ALWAYS SENSE THAT SOMETHING IS MISSING FROM YOUR LIFE.

YOU WILL NEVER FIND PEACE.

PETER?

I KNOW WHAT HE TOOK, ANNA MARIA. AND I'M GOING TO GET IT BACK.

PETER...?

WHAT'S GOING ON INSIDE OF THAT HEAD OF YOURS?

NOTHING GOOD.

YOU...YOU'RE SCARING ME.

WHAT HAPPENED TO YOU WHILE HE WAS...YOU?

...

I DON'T KNOW. BUT IT'S GIVEN ME A FEW IDEAS.

DO ME A FAVOR, PLEASE? TRACK THE BEACON I SLIPPED INTO ONE OF THE MANY POUCHES ON DEADPOOL'S PERSON. HE'S HAVING A MEETING I'D LIKE TO CRASH.

"WE ARE 100% SURE? LIKE QUEEN-B-SWEATS-GOLD-ON-COMMAND SURE?"

"NO ONE TRANSFERS A HUGE AMOUNT OF CASH WITHOUT CHECKING THEIR ACCOUNT.

"WE FOLLOWED THE MONEY TO THE BANK TO THE SERVER TO THE DNS--"

"OKAY, ENOUGH JIBBER JABBER. YOU KNOW I DON'T SPEAK COMPUTERESE. THANKS, SOLO."

"ARE YOU CERTAIN YOU DON'T WANT BACK UP?"

"THANKS, AMIGO, BUT THIS IS MY TOILET TO SWIFFER. I'LL PING YOU WHEN IT'S DONE. ADIOS-HOLE."

HOW DOES A GUY HIDE IN A GLASS HOUSE...?

SOME THINGS ARE RIGHT IN FRONT OF YOU, EVEN WHEN YOU CAN'T SEE THEM.

THAT...THAT WAS A DIG AT ME, RIGHT? I DON'T GET INNUENDO--

YOU KILLED PETER PARKER, BECAUSE YOU THOUGHT HE WAS A MONSTER.

YESSSS, BUT IT SHOULD BE NOTED THAT ALSO I BROUGHT HIM BACK TO LIFE!

IN ORDER TO KILL HIM A SECOND TIME... BECAUSE YOU THOUGHT...?

BECAUSE I THOUGHT...HELL MADE A MISTAKE? GOD, THAT SOUNDS SO STUPID OUT LOUD...

BUT THEN I SAVED HIM AGAIN. FOR REAL. TUCKED HIM IN AND--

SHUT UP, WADE.

YOU ALL RIGHT? YOU SOUND SORT OF--

ANGRY?

NO...

FURIOUS?

NO...OH, YOU SOUND LIKE SHIKLAH WHEN I TRY TO TURN OFF HER SHONDALAND SHOWS--THAT'S AN EVIL VOICE--

GAH!

I NEED TO KNOW ONE THING.

YES, THAT MADE ME PEE A LITTLE. WHY CAN'T I SEE YOU RIGHT--?

WAS IT ALL LIES? THE NEW CHAPTER? WANTING TO BE MORE LIKE... LIKE ME...?

WAS IT ALL A LINE OF GARBAGE JUST SO YOU COULD SLOW ME DOWN TO GET TO...MY BOSS?

...

I--

SAVED BY THE OBVIOUS LURE INTO A DEATH TRAP.

GLEAM

WEBS--

SAVE IT.

I AM IN DIRE NEED OF BEATING THE LIVING CRAP OUT OF SOMETHING. THE GUY WHO HIRED YOU TO KILL PETER PARKER IS CANDIDATE NUMBER ONE.

BUT WE *WILL* FINISH THIS.

I HOPE IT'S WITH HUGS.

...

SORRY, FORCE OF HABIT. PLEASE GO BACK TO BEING ALL WOLVERINE-Y.

SIGH DID YOU HAVE A PLAN?

CORTERI? PLAY SOMETHING... SWEET...

DEATH METAL PLAYLIST "SOMETHING SWEET" NOW PLAYING.

THANK YOU.

IT'S A BIG DAY, YOU KNOW...

...IT'S MY REBIRTHDAY.

PATIENT ZERO, I PRESUME?

THAT'S YOUR OPENER? REALLY? WHAT ABOUT "WE'RE HERE TO KICK GLASS"? OR "KNOCK KNOCK? WHO'S THERE? DEATH FROM ABOVE!" OR "HEEEEEEEERE'S"--

"HERE'S JOHNNY" IS WAY TOO OLD. EVEN FOR US.

TOUCHÉ.

YEAH, YOU'RE COOL.

MAN-STROSITIES, GO MAKE 'EM BACON.

OH, HELL. THEY'RE--

HUMAN?

I WAS GONNA SAY GROSS, BUT "HUMAN" WORKS... SO, NO KILLING?

NOT SURE...

P.S. "MAN-STROSITY" IS PRETTY GOOD.

ARE YOU SERIOUS?

YOU'RE SCARING THE CORN OUT OF ME.

GOOD. MAYBE YOU'LL PAY ATTENTION FOR A CHANGE.

GROWARRRRR!

AND NO, WE'RE NOT KILLING ANYONE...ESPECIALLY NOT THESE POOR CREATURES.

THEY'RE STILL-- WHOULFF--

--HUMAN BEINGS.

DO TELL...

I RATHER THOUGHT THAT ONCE I ALTERED THEIR GENETICS THEY CEASED TO BE HUMAN AT ALL.

YOU DON'T GET TO TALK, DADDY SCARBUCKS!

IF IT MAKES YOU FEEL ANY LESS RIGHTEOUS, WEBS, ***THAT'S*** WHAT I THOUGHT PARKER WAS DOING TO PEOPLE.

IS THIS ONE A KILLING MACHINE OR A LOLLIPOP DEMOLISHER, AND BY LOLLIPOP, I MEAN--

CONTROL UNITS--

SHUURRK

I'M PICKING UP SIGNALS FROM THE TECH MOUNTED ON THEIR NECKS.

HE'S PUMPING INFO RIGHT INTO THEIR SPINAL COLUMNS.

WOW, YOU'RE SO SMART. SOME OF THAT PARKER BRAIN MATTER MUST HAVE RUBBED OFF ON YOU.

THEN I SAY WE ORDER UP A FISTFUL OF ***FREEDOM*** WITH A SIDE OF RUBBER BULLETS TO THE FACE!

KK

AAAAAAGH! ISHHH HURTSHHHH! OH GSSSSD!!! HELSSSH NEEEEE!

HOLY CINDY BRADY SELLING SEASHELLS...

DEAR GOD. THAT REFERENCE WAS EVEN OLDER THAN *"HERE'S JOHNNY"*--

S-SPIDER-M-MMAN...?

P-PLEASE KILL ME... PLEASE...

AND THAT'S THE THING ABOUT SCIENCE, AM I RIGHT? YOU CAN GENETICALLY MODIFY THE HELL OUT OF SOME HOMELESS JUNKIE...

...BUT QUALITY OF LIFE GETS A LITTLE BLURRY WHEN YOU TREAT DNA LIKE A LEGO SET.

CONTROL UNIT, YES. BUT ALSO, PAIN DAMPENER, DOPAMINE BOOSTER, AND MOST CRITICAL...

...THE FREAKS DON'T KNOW WHAT'S BEEN DONE TO THEM. ONCE THEY BECOME SELF-AWARE...THEY PRETTY MUCH LOSE ALL WILL TO LIVE.

EXCEPTIONAL WORK, GENTS.

SLOW CLAP... SLOW CLAP... SLOW CLAP...

SINCE KILLING IS OFF THE TABLE, WHAT ARE YOUR THOUGHTS ON DE-LEGGING AND MOUTH-STAPLING.

I'M OPEN. IT'S BEEN THAT KIND OF WEEK.

I'LL SAY. I BET YOU'RE BRIMMING WITH QUESTIONS--

NO. I'M NOT.

UH...REALLY? 'CAUSE I'M PRETTY $#&*^ LOST AND WOULD LIKE SOME ANSWERS--

WHEN PARKER WAS "*OUT OF COMMISSION*," PATIENT ZERO TOOK HIS PLACE...

...AND THIS GUY STOLE EVERY PIECE OF DATA WE HAD ON GENETIC SPLICING.

APPARENTLY YOUR "*EMPLOYER*" ISN'T AS THINK AS HE SMART HE IS, WADE. NEEDED A LEVEL UP.

MYSTERIO WAS JUST A PAWN, DISTRACTING US WHILE HE STAGED THE "*EVIDENCE*" THAT ROPED YOU INTO KILLING PARKER-- TWICE.

"*TWICE*"? WOW... THAT'S SERVICE, WADE.

I'M NOT PAYING ***DOUBLE***. SUE ME.

WE'RE GONNA DO A LOT WORSE THAN THAT, MARILYN MANSON TRIBUTE BAND REJECT.

OKAY, DARKER THAN YOUR USUAL, ***BUT DEADPOOL-LIKE!***

THE PLAN WAS TO POSE AS PARKER AND TAKE DOWN THE COMPANY, BUT SOMETHING SPOOKED HIM AND HE MADE OFF WITH THE CROWN JEWEL.

CLOSE--

BUT NOT QUITE.

THERE'S ONE THING THAT YOU HAVEN'T ASKED YET. MAYBE YOU'RE AFRAID TO.

MAYBE YOU WANT TO GET YOUR HANDS AROUND MY NECK AS YOU ASK IT...

"WHY... US?"

OUT OF ALL OF THE POWERFUL BEINGS I COULD HAVE CHOSEN FROM...

WHY MANIPULATE *THIS IDIOT...* TO KILL *THAT GENIUS?*

THIS HAS BEEN... PERSONAL?

YOU BET YOUR ASS IT IS, WADE.

WHO ARE YOU?

KLOK

NNNNGH!

SCREW THIS PRESCHOOL RUBBER BULLET &#^$--

AMMO IS HOT!

DO NOT LET HIM LEAVE!

ROARRR!

KNEECAPS. ANKLES. WHATEVER IT TAKES.

I'M SO TURNED ON RIGHT NOW...

...AND SERIOUSLY TERRIFIED OF YOU.

THAT'S THE APPROPRIATE RESPONSE.

YOUR EQ IS A LOT HIGHER THAN YOU GIVE YOURSELF CREDIT FOR.

KRUNCH #4

YOU HEARD THE BOSS, BURN VICTIM KEN.

STAY.

I RATHER DOUBT THAT, WADE...

I CAN'T WAIT TO SEE HOW ADORABLE YOUR BLOWFELD SPIEL GETS WHEN YOU'RE WALKING ON TWO STUMPS.

DEADPOOL! GLASS HOUSE!!!

AND--?

AND WE'LL CONTINUE THIS WITTY BANTER DOWNSTAIRS.

MY INTERNAL DICTIONARY DOESN'T CONTAIN THE WORD "CONSEQUENCES." IT'S A MINOR BIRTH DEFECT.

THIS IS NOT NEWS.

I'M FINE! IT'S JUST MY SPINE!

MAYBE IF YOU LANDED ON YOUR HEAD...

DO YOU KNOW WHY I TOOK THE NAME PATIENT ZERO?

NO, PLEASE BORE ME WITH AN EXPLANATION WHILST DORKPOOL RELOCATES HIS SPINE.

BECAUSE I WAS *INFECTED*... NOT BY A DISEASE... BUT BY *"MEN."*

PETER PARKER AND WADE WILSON. A LIFE *TAINTED* BY TWO FOOLS.

EVERYTHING THAT'S HAPPENED... AND WILL HAPPEN, WAS BOUGHT AND PAID FOR LONG AGO.

WE'RE CLOSING ALL ACCOUNTS, NOW!

YEAH--OH, HOLD ON, NERVES AREN'T RESEWN YET, SORRY!

OOP! THERE'S THE FEELING IN MY FINGER FINGER! *BLAM!!!*

AHHHHH... YOU TWO ARE A CUTE COUPLE. PONDER YOUR PAST SINS...

SEE IF YOU CAN RUB TOGETHER ENOUGH NEURONS TO SPARK AN IDEA OF WHO I AM.

HOW MANY PEOPLE HAVE YOU IRREVOCABLY SCREWED OVER THAT COULD DO WHAT I HAVE DONE...

LIKE BUILD A SUPERCONDUCTOR THAT ATTRACTS THE SPECIFIC SILICATES USED IN ARCHITECTURAL GRADE GLASS?

TOO MANY WORDS! TRANSLATE! BOMB?

NO--GLASS MAGNET.

THAT'S STUPID.

STUPID ENOUGH TO WORK.

I WILL NOT LET YOU DIE!!! BE MY BOTTOM AND LIVE!

WADE--

JUST DO IT! I DON'T KNOW HOW MUCH PROTECTION MY IMMACULATE CANADIAN BODY CAN PROVIDE, BUT JUST USE IT, DAMN IT!

SCREW YOU, GLASS HOUSE-- AIEEEEEE!

HEH.

HOW'S THAT CANADIAN BACON FEELING ABOUT NOW?

SO, YEAH...THIS IS HILARIOUS.

AND WHILE YOU WERE USING YOUR LIGHTNING-FAST REFLEXES TO HELP ME AND ALL...

OUR NEW OLD STALKER GOT AWAY.

YEAH...THIS AMOUNT OF WEBBING'LL TAKE A FEW HOURS TO DISSOLVE, AND I HAVE TO SEE IF I CAN REWIRE THIS THING TO REPEL THE WEAPONIZED GLASS BEFORE THEN...SO HE'LL HAVE TO WAIT.

YOU'RE GONNA POOP GLASS FOR A LONG TIME.

ARE YOU... ENJOYING THIS?

ANSWER MY QUESTION. FROM BEFORE.

HOW MUCH OF IT WAS ***REAL***, WADE...? HOW MUCH OF IT WAS JUST A TRICK TO KILL PARKER?

...

I MESSED UP! I ADMITTED IT!

I *GAKKED* YOUR BOSS BECAUSE I THOUGHT HE WAS A BODY-MANGLING SCUMBAG, BUT WHEN I TOLD YOU I THOUGHT HE WAS FIFTY SHADES OF EVIL YOU DIDN'T WANT TO HEAR IT!

WHY DIDN'T YOU SHOW ME THE *EVIDENCE?*

WHY DID YOU HAVE A SUCCUBUS MAGIC ME OUT OF MY SENSES SO YOU COULD GET PAST PARKER'S SECURITY?

IF YOU WERE BEING SUCH A *"HERO,"* WHY DIDN'T YOU ASK YOUR *NEWEST FRIEND SLASH MENTOR FOR HIS ADVICE* BEFORE *KILLING SOMEONE?!*

I DIDN'T TELL YOU BECAUSE I...

I WAS TRYING TO PROTECT YOU.

YOU THOUGHT...WE WERE FRIENDS?

WERE.

...

...AND IT'S SPECIAL. IT'S PART OF WHAT MAKES YOU... YOU.

I DIDN'T WANT THAT PART TO DIE WITH PARKER.

I DON'T KNOW IF HE'S YOUR BROTHER, YOUR BOYFRIEND OR THE GREATEST BOSS IN THE WORLD, BUT YOU HAVE THE GUY ON A PEDESTAL!

IF HE *HAD BEEN* AN EVIL SICKO, I WANTED TO GET HIM OFF THE BOARD WITHOUT YOU KNOWING HOW AWFUL HE WAS.

YOU MAY BE MY HERO, BUT YOU'RE NAIVE AS HELL ABOUT CERTAIN THINGS...

MAYBE I WAS WRONG ABOUT WHO I THOUGHT YOU WERE.

NO, YOU DON'T GET TO GUILT-TRIP *ME!*

I WAS WRONG AND I FIXED IT AND I APOLOGIZED BUT NOW YOU'RE ROCKING BLACK ARMOR AND CRACKING WISE ABOUT MY DUODENUM GETTING SHRAPNELLED...

...

I BELIEVE YOU.

I DOUBT THAT! FOR ALL YOUR FLEXIBILITY, ONCE YOUR MIND IS MADE UP--

WADE... STOP TALKING. I. BELIEVE. YOU.

I'M TRYING TO CHANGE! I WANT TO BE GOOD!

WHY ARE YOU STARING AT ME?

WHAT? I GOT GLASS IN MY TEETH?

SORRY I'M LATE...I WAS HELD UP AT THE OFFICE.

I TRUST THE NURSES KEPT YOU ENTERTAINED?

I WASN'T SURE WHICH FLAVOR YOU WERE INTO, SO I MADE YOU ONE OF EACH.

THANKS FOR THE EFFORT, BUT I'M HERE TO WORK, NOT TO PLAY.

WHEN I'M DONE WITH YOU...THEY'LL BE ONE AND THE SAME.

THAT'S A PROMISE.

M3-B28

M3-A49

BRING IT ON, BOSS. I WANNA BE ALL *THEY* CAN BE.

TO BE CONTINUED!

1 VARIANT BY

WILL SLINEY & FRANK MARTIN

1 ACTION FIGURE VARIANT BY

JOHN TYLER CHRISTOPHER

1 HIP-HOP VARIANT BY
DAVE JOHNSON

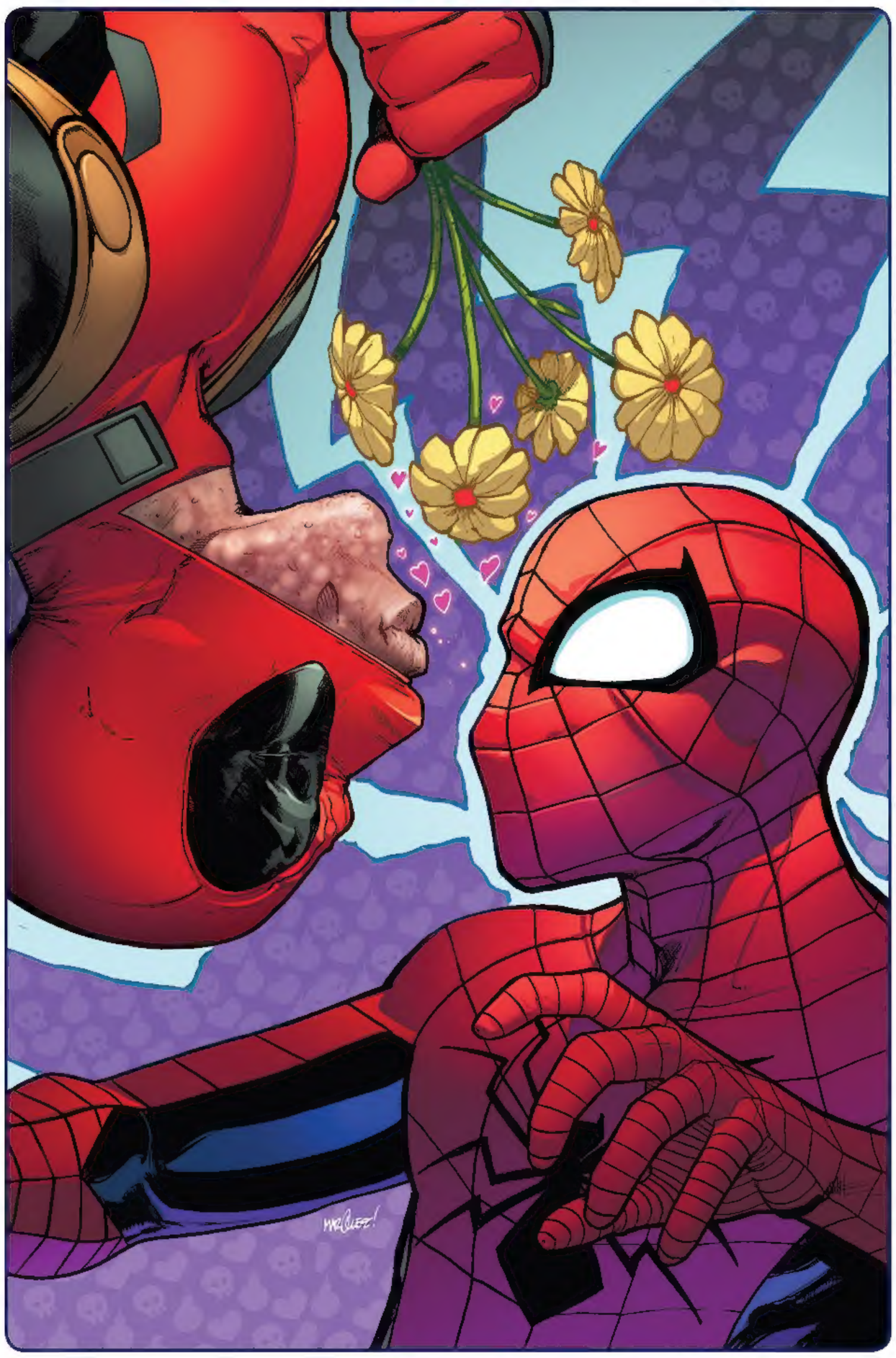
1 TOY VARIANT BY
ALEX KROPINAK

1 VARIANT BY

ROB LIEFELD & CHRIS SOTOMAYOR

1 VARIANT BY

MIKE DEL MUNDO



2 VARIANT BY
DAVID MARQUEZ & MARTE GRACIA

2 DESIGN VARIANT BY
ED McGUINNESS & ANDREW CROSSLEY

3 VARIANT BY
CLIFF CHIANG

3 VARIANT BY
ROB LIEFELD

5 VARIANT BY
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MARVEL

"A title worthy of a place in any comic fan's pull list."
– SuperiorSpiderTalk.com

WHEN THE WEBBED WONDER AND THE MERC WITH A MOUTH FIND THEMSELVES IN A TIGHT SPOT,

HIJINKS AND HILARITY ENSUE!

NOW THIS IS WHAT YOU CALL A DYNAMIC DUO!
Spidey isn't looking for new friends in his neighborhood, but Deadpool's going all out in the name of bromance. Will this turn out to be a buddy book, or will the identity of Deadpool's next target – he's just a guy named Peter Parker – ruin everything?! With another Spider-Man (Miles Morales) and a few more Mercs (for Money) along for the ride, this is the ultimate Marvel Team-Up. But when our two stars go on a double date, who calls dibs on Thor? Plus: Mysteries deepen at Parker Industries, and Wade Wilson goes Hollywood! But will Spidey steal the show on the set of *Deadpool: The Movie*?

COLLECTING *SPIDER-MAN/DEADPOOL #1-5* AND *8* – BY JOE KELLY, ED McGUINNESS, MARK MORALES, LIVESAY AND JASON KEITH.

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